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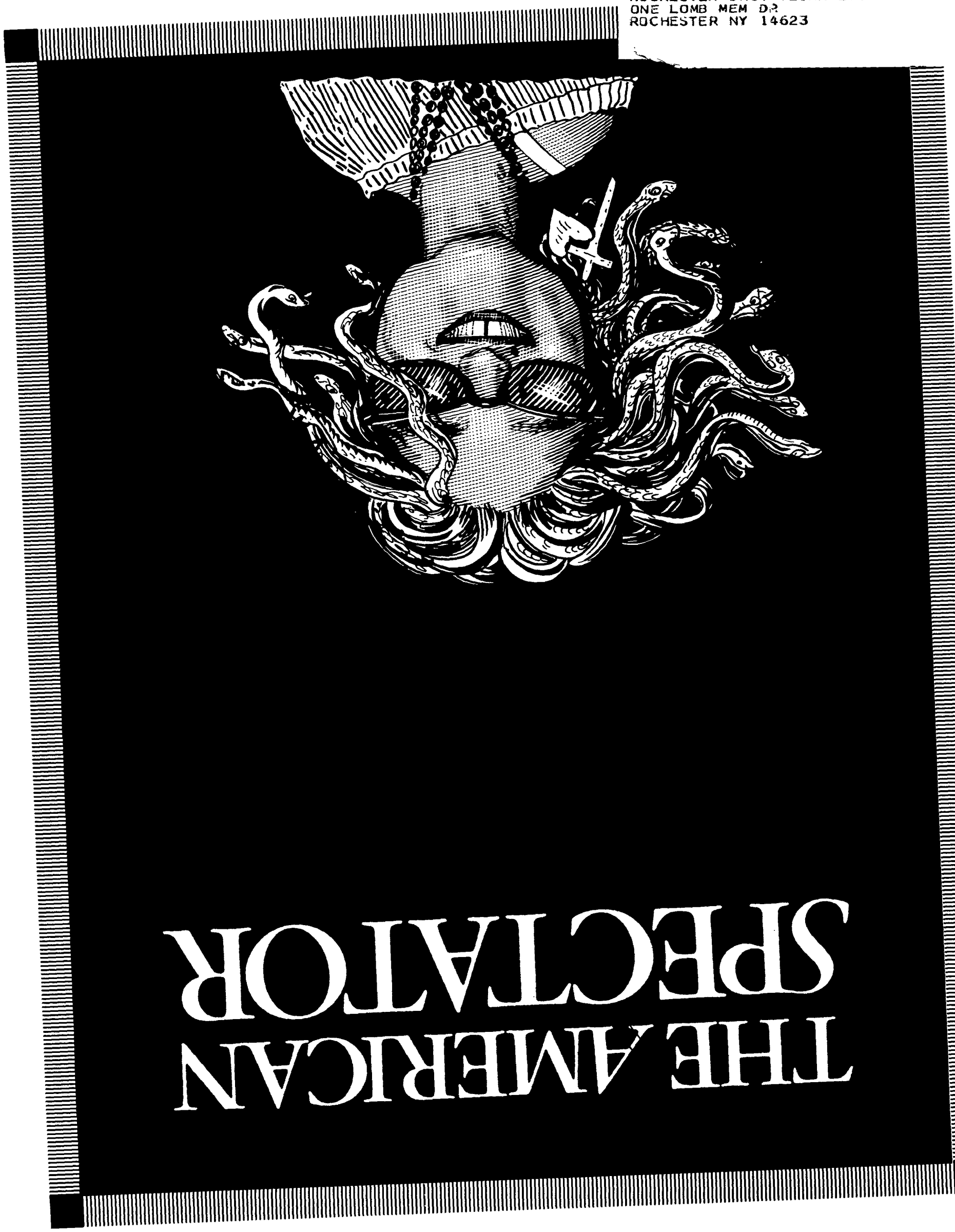

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• May is now as dead as the 10th Duke of Beaufort who departed this vale of tears at the age of 83 in February 1984. The duke, of course, was an ardent champion of the vulpine hunt, and so it is perhaps understandable that in the middle of May a British court decided to order two members of the Hunt Retribution Squad, an English do-good camorra, to trial for attempting to disinter his corpse, decapitate it, and mail the venatic duke's head to Princess Anne. Ordering these two would-be body snatchers to a mental asylum, however, does seem more fitting. After all, to mail the old duke's head to Princess Anne is irrational and ignoble. True, owing to her high position, she does spend a lot of time with some very numb skulls—yet a skull that has been numb for over a year? Surely the Princess would recognize its reticence as unusual, probably by lunch. Her foiled correspondents are obviously *non compos mentis*, and inept to boot. They were nabbed at the old boy's grave where they had shattered two shovels and hardly scratched the surface. Whilst on the subject of incompetent progressives, ex-Governor Jerry Brown absentmindedly drove off from Mr. David Tonner's Carnegie Truck Plaza in Tracy, California trailing 15 feet of self-service gas pump hose behind his black Thunderbird and leaving behind a gas pump now a dreadful eyesore. Miss Geraldine Ferraro became nearly hysterical when she of the Diet Pepsi commercials was filmed by a roving CBS camera crew with a can of Coke at her elbow while she sat at a desk. Finally, an Indiana grand jury has indicted Mr. Michael Hight for sending an unnamed lady friend a sexual device whose tip was filled with explosives that went off in her hand.

• A brief visit through Rome, Paris, and London were enough to convince me that the Ugly American still lives; and you will never guess how she votes. While I was reading a prosaic news story on American politics in my Paris hotel room, there came a knock at the door, after which an unhappy American stuck her mule face into my room to inquire whether I had on a radio. In an egregious New York accent she objected at hearing the shocking words "Ronald Reagan." What she had heard, I replied, was the manager's radio, which is always tuned to Radio Free Europe; and, having noted that her chambers were immediately next to mine, I asked this gruesome septuagenarian to refrain please from making love in the early hours, as the sound of two skeletons slamming together was disturbing my bliss. Our President, too, was abroad last month, but it is doubtful that he enjoyed any bliss whatsoever. At practically every stop he was greeted by Europeans thoroughly as disagreeable as the harridan who accosted me in Paris; and he, being the "most powerful democratic leader on earth," does not have at his disposal the rhetorical latitude available to the editor of a literary review. When our President spoke before the Portuguese Assembly 35 Communist legislators walked out, and one lout, Mr. Antonio Gonzalez, the Assembly's lone representative of the Green party, threatened to disrupt his speech by releasing a white dove! Obviously there are Ugly Europeans, too.

• The Senate passed a second revision of the Administration's budget, and with every revision the Reagan Revolution evanesces into the pages of history. If the House has its way the electorate of 49 states might just as well have elected Mr. Walter Mondale last November. The unloved policies of the late 1970s remain vital on Capitol Hill if not on Main Street, and few of the solons and numas seem to care even if their antiquarianism allows a Communist regime to be clamped down good and hard on Nicaraguans with all guns pointed north. Apparently they are allowing the Hon. Christopher Dodd, aided by his chief foreign policy adviser Señora Bianca Jagger, to design our Central American policy. They rejected the Administration's request for aid to the anti-Communist contras with 1970s fustian and cant. They expressed shock when the Administration placed an embargo on Nicaragua. Only when Sandinista leader Daniel Ortega Saavedra scudded off to the Iron Curtain for alms did they show signs of alarm.

• Much of Manhattan's Upper East Side waxed jubilant as Empress Zita, wife of Charles I, last emperor of the Austro-Hungarian empire, celebrated her 93rd birthday, though a damper was thrown on the festivities when word went out that the Empress was observing her birthday in a home for the elderly maintained by Franciscan nuns. How can one be chic in a fossil museum? Czech-born artist Mr. Robert Pollak's plan to replicate the late M. Claude Monet's waterlily paintings by floating 1,000 bikini underpants on The Serpentine in London's Hyde Park was rescued from the vetoes of the philistines of the Royal Parks Authority by British arts minister Lord Gowrie's timely intervention, and you can be sure that when those women's unmentionables are floated in vibrant profusion across the pond many a leering lord will be out there surreptitously to pluck out a fugitive delicacy for his collection. In other news from the art scene, a Christian couple was flogged at Karachi's public race course for committing coitus in breach of Islamic law; possibly the man had removed his shoes or the lady, transported by passion, had allowed him to remove the paper bag from his head. An enlightened California State Court of Appeals ruled in San Francisco that no punishment should be meted out to Mr. Robert Yancey, that Vacaville Prison guard arrested by the *polizia* for running through an empty elementary schoolyard while wearing women's undergarments and an unbuttoned white shirt that, incidentally, was immaculate. In Florida, the eminent Judge Dean Moxley has granted Mr. Donald Dean Davis permission to wear high heels and a marvelous evening gown with breathtaking decolletage during his murder trial. Mr. Davis will also be allowed to keep a curling iron, hair dryer, and makeup in his cell. Someone must maintain standards even in our hoosegows.

• U.S. Navy Captain Melvin D. Munsinger was cleared of charges that while cruising in the Indian Ocean in 1983 he used a school of whales for target practice. The editorial offices of the *New York Review of Books* were a little gloomier—if the thing be possible—when Florida law enforcement officials seized 4,009 pounds of cocaine in one day. And now comes still gloomier news: On May 2 officials in Communist China broke ground for Peking's first golf course, a $10.7 million layout that may ruin the historic Ming tombs. So ardent are yesteryear's champions of world-wide revolution for the Republican pastime that they have painted the dirt green! Yet there remains hope amongst America's left-wing clock-stoppers. Mr. Tom Hayden, Miss Jane Fonda's number one charity, is asking that a monument be erected for 1960s war protesters. It is an unusual request, made no less unusual for the fact that one does not create war monuments for traitors. Did the Founding Fathers create a monument for the Loyalists? Moreover, Mr. Hayden and his protesters already have their monument, the hole in the ground called the Vietnam Veterans Memorial that they not so long ago forced upon us against the wishes of so many of the veterans of that war, a war that is apparently always to be the personal property of those who brought it to flummox.

• In Wellington, New Zealand, a wild duck dove from the sky to take his revenge on an inept hunter who was left with two black eyes, a broken nose, and cracked glasses. The duck did not survive. At Fort Hunter Liggett, California, the sentiments of animal-rights advocates and meat-eaters alike were ruffled when soldiers on war-game maneuvers killed 74 head of cattle after the scrumptious creatures stampeded into their theater of operations. The month passed and still Ling-Ling and

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Hsing-Hsing had not entered into sexual congress. Officials at the National Zoo are considering artificial insemination again, but there is always the possibility that they might procure some aphrodisiac aftershave lotion from the collection of our European editor, Taki.

• Mr. Rick Rapaport, the well-known leader of Michigan's homosexual movement and the developer of the fabulously successful Gay Pride Week at Michigan State University, died of AIDS on May 4, just eight days before Independent Alternative Homosexuals of West Germany raised a pink granite monument to homosexuals killed in Nazi concentration camps. In New Zealand, a group of anti-apartheid feminists opposing a rugby tour of South Africa by New Zealanders announced that its comely members will henceforth refrain from having sex with rugby players or fans, a decision that could lead to a marked reduction in the incidence of venereal disease throughout the country, not to mention homicide. Mr. George Mitchell, the heavy-footed chap whose proclivity for stomping on women's feet has landed him so often in the jug and in this column, is protesting the state of Tennessee's plans to release him from prison. "I'd rather be dead than stomp on another woman's foot," he has remarked, but "it's uncontrollable." On May 28, President Ronald Reagan went on national television to announce his tax simplification program. It leaves taxes still too high. *—RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Land of Surprises

The recent article by Kent Owen on "Indiana's Bloody Eighth" (*TAS*, May 1985) is an excellent travelogue of southern Indiana politics but a rather superficial examination of the events and issues surrounding the Eighth District election controversy.

The article, while generally accurate, contains several factual errors that perpetuate certain myths about the Eighth District. In Mr. Owen's defense, these myths have been circulated as fact by certain parties; however, had Mr. Owen been more concerned with the facts of the Eighth District controversy than with the topography of southern Indiana (beautiful as it is) he might have found the time to discover the facts behind the myths.

Mr. Owen says that "although Rep. McCloskey seemed to have the slightest of edges two days after the election, the Indiana secretary of state Edwin J. Simcox . . . declined to certify him as the winner, preferring to wait until after a partial recount."

Aside from the omission of key facts from this summary statement (such as the fact that Mr. McCloskey's "slightest of edges" was a result of an openly admitted error), there are two factual errors, one explicit and one implicit.

The explicit error is that I certified Mr. McIntyre "after a partial recount." This was a myth promoted heavily by Mr. McCloskey as part of his justification for claiming my certification of a winner in the Eighth District to be flawed.

In truth, my certification of a winner was based solely on the original and corrected original election-night returns, giving Mr. McIntyre a 34-vote lead. Subsequently, the recounts were completed and Mr. McIntyre's lead increased to 418.

The erroneous implication is contained in Mr. Owen's allegation that I "declined to certify [McCloskey] as the winner, preferring to wait until after a partial recount." The clear implication here is that I had discretion not only as to when I certify the winner of an election, but even as to what figures I use in such a certification.

Had Mr. Owen been inclined to look, he would have found that Indiana law requires me to issue a certification of a winner based on the original and corrected original clerk's certifications of election-night results. I do not have the discretion of "waiting until a partial recount," or any recount for that matter.

In the case of the Eighth District, three of the original clerk's certifications were flawed in some respect. Two of those three errors were quickly corrected; the third (which involved the double counting of two precincts in Gibson County) was openly admitted by the Clerk of Gibson County, a Democrat, but he simply refused to correct the error.

Ultimately, after a couple of weeks, the matter reached the Indiana Supreme Court which, in effect, ordered the Clerk to correct his acknowledged error. The Gibson County clerk then finally proceeded to correct his error and to send me the proper election night results, which in turn permitted me to make my tabulation and certification.

I might further point out that my actions in this matter have been reviewed and upheld in both state and federal courts by both Democratic and Republican judges.

Mr. Owen is also mistaken in his statement that "[o]n the basis of [the recount], Indiana's secretary of state declared McIntyre the official winner and promptly gave him a certificate of election—the second time Simcox had so anointed him."

The only certification of a winner in the Eighth District was issued by me on December 13 and as indicated above it was based on election-night totals. By law, I certify the names of election winners, not vote totals. If vote totals change as a result of a recount, but the winner doesn't change, no further action is taken since the prior certification remains valid.

Simply put, I have not taken any formal action based on any recount in the Eighth District, nor was any action necessary, required, or appropriate.

Frankly, I was disappointed that your usually erudite publication settled for a "fluff" article written more as a travelogue of southern Indiana (even an admittedly well-written travelogue) rather than a thorough analysis of one of the most blatantly political power grabs in this century with potentially grave constitutional ramifications.

The House Democrats have alleged that my certification of Mr. McIntyre was flawed, yet they haven't produced a shred of evidence to support their charge.

The crux of the situation seems clear. Mr. Owen asks the question himself: "Can the Democrats frustrate the half-million people of Indiana's Eighth District and the authority of the whole state?"

Unfortunately, the answer appears to be: "Yes—they certainly can."

—Edwin J. Simcox
Secretary of State
State of Indiana
Indianapolis, Indiana

Kent Owen replies:

Mr. Simcox's explanation is plausible and, according to what I now know, truthful. His objection is important because his conduct was in keeping with what Indiana law requires of its secretary of state. This was in contrast to the actions of Reps. Panetta and Clay, who seemed arbitrary and willful in the performance of their duties. Although I did not mean to suggest that Mr. Simcox had acted in a partisan way, one can infer from my report a discretionary authority the Indiana secretary of state does not by statute possess.

On the second point, Mr. Simcox is also right: He issued the certificate of election to Rick McIntyre on the basis of *corrected* election-night totals, not on the basis of any of the recounts. However, when he announced the recount totals on February 5, Simcox did, according to AP and UPI, "call for the House to seat McIntyre." A second anointment of sorts, if you will permit the religious license. But Mr. Simcox is entitled to a close reading of the facts. Sir, I stand corrected.

Nonetheless, I am disappointed that Mr. Simcox objects to my essay as a travelogue. His disdain for the "come-hither" genre puts him at cross purposes with his own governor's administration, which has made tourism nearly its highest aim. Twenty years ago Indiana learned it ranked fiftieth in number of tourists and their expenditures, below North Dakota. To change that, the state publicized itself as "Land of Surprises" on souvenir crockery and chenille bedspreads. Now what could come as more of a surprise to tourists than the Eighth District and its picturesque politics? To that end I hope the secretary will not fail to certify the lowly travelogue, even though it be unfreighted with solemn analysis. It should count.

Socialism: Dead and Alive

I heartily agree with Tom Bethell's observation that, to paraphrase Mark Twain, reports of the death of socialism have been greatly exaggerated ("What a Fool Believes," *TAS*, April 1985). What Gilder, Novak, Kristol, et al. have in mind was stated 25 years ago by, surprisingly enough, F.A. Hayek: "The great change that has occurred during the last decade is that socialism in this strict sense of a particular method of achieving social justice has collapsed. It has not merely lost its intellectual appeal; it has also been abandoned by the masses so unmistakably that socialist parties everywhere are searching for a new program that will insure the active support of their followers. . . . Socialism in the old definite sense is now dead in the Western world." (*The Construction of Liberty*, Gateway edition, p. 254.) Of course, Hayek qualified and equivocated on this point by making the "welfare state" a conceptual tool by which to draw distinctions. But this is still surprising coming from him. . . .

I think the most clear and forthright confession of socialism as ersatz religious faith comes from Ignazio

(continued on page 49)

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EDITORIALS

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Connoisseurs vow that Madonna, the rock singer, is a capital dancer. This, it appears, is what they say nowadays when they have a hugely successful singer on their hands whose songs are, well, unsingable—shoutable perhaps, but to little musical effect. The connoisseurs say the same thing about Michael Jackson, and if any of his songs make it into the repertoire of popular song when this era's day is done, the laughs are on me.

According to my ears, Madonna is not a terribly well-endowed singer. She may, indeed, be accomplished at the dance. At least the clips I have seen of her suggest it. Possibly they are heavily edited, but grant her the dance. And what about acting? It is rumored that she aspires to stardom in Hollywood too. Her prospects here are better. Her face, while not striking, is expressive; and she is responsive to outside stimuli, something many Hollywood stars are not. True, when she enunciates she frequently appears to have at least three sticks of bubble gum in her mouth, but her lines are not complicated. Acting will probably be her forte, and her dancing will compensate for her singing so long as she is not asked to perform a Schubert lied.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

So in the popular arts there is indubitably a place for Madonna. But for how long? She is now a star of the top chop. My advice is quit; take the money and run. Madonna's strengths are commendable. Calling herself a "Material Girl" is ingratiatingly iconoclastic, bereft of the suffocating sentimentalism that dampens the age. Moreover, she, in her dressy moments, suggests a hint of taste. Has she ever considered becoming a designer of, say, a line of lingerie influenced by styles of the Jane Austen era? I have seen pictures of her in a recent issue of *Rolling Stone*—my bible—and an early nineteenth-century English motif is everywhere.

Madonna is now at the threshold of adult life. She might well ponder the hell that awaits her in Hollywood. The pay might be handsome, but the company one has to keep is stunting and the hours onerous. How many rock singers and musicians pass on into middle years without losing themselves to the bottle or to drugs? Not many, and a surprisingly large number of these wretches do not make it into middle age at all. The fatality rate among venerated pop stars is probably higher than among professional boxers or Grand Prix drivers. Have any of the country's do-gooders or ax-grinders sent up their customary hortatory whoops for the elimination of rock singing on the same humanitarian grounds that support their protests against boxing and auto racing?

Surprisingly they have not. Only a few boondock preachers ever have a bad word for rock and Hollywood. Yet the list of those who do die from drug overdoses and other misadventures attendant with the life of a pop virtuoso is long and illuminating. Madonna ought to think it over while she still has a chance. Then, too, let her consider the quality of her associates and of the music she is going to have to sing.

Benjamin Stein, the nation's most scholarly observer of the popular arts, has written that the reason Hollywood can so frequently portray businessmen as crooks and fools is that so many of those business types at work in Hollywood are both. I mean, these are not the kind of fellows one is apt to meet at the Union League Club.

Then there is the product and regimen that Madonna faces. If she turns out to be a successful singer she is going to be spending the next couple of decades warbling nonsense, repetitive, primitive nonsense, without any charm whatsoever. In the movies she will most likely play trashy characters. In both careers her hours will be hellish and irregular. This is not the road to happiness. Most likely, if she makes it into middle age she is going to arrive there a very stupid person. By then youth will have abandoned her. Fashions will have changed, and she is going to be bewildered and alone. She may be sitting on a bundle of cash, but she is going to be surrounded by dopes. Like so many of the 1960s stars who survived the rigors of fame in their day, she and her coterie will be unhappy relicts.

Let youth's heroes of the sixties be your guide, Madonna. Many of them were very bright and confident, some claimed to read poetry and to be *intellectuels.* Today their public appearances are infrequent. When interviewed they sing snatches of their irrelevant songs and wonder why their contracts expire and why youth has gone for you. Their poor brains never developed. There is still time, Madonna. Turn to fashion design. You can make money and friends and keep regular hours. □

OUR MAN LEAVES PARIS

Paris—Having never had the pleasure of knowing the late Benjamin Franklin, I am especially grateful to know Evan Galbraith, our ambassador to Paris, who is now in the fading weeks of his stint in the City of Light. They often say, over here, that not since Franklin has an American representative had such success with the French, and anyone familiar with the indigenes knows why: namely, the French have a passion for ideas. Galbraith abounds with ideas and he is not coy about discussing them.

His discussions have shocked some local Yanks, but the French clearly admire his avidity for intellection. In recent years France has experienced enormous intellectual ferment. It began with the revulsion against Soviet brutality, as revealed by Solzhenitsyn and expanded upon by *les nouveaux philosophes'* rejection of Marxism. It continues today with renewed sympathy for free market economics and for America in general. The Americans who are shocked by Galbraith's performance in Paris are, for the most part, the same observers who have ignored the intellectual changes taking place in France. And they are no more aware of changed political conditions in America either, which makes Galbraith all the more abominable to them.

Galbraith arrived with the idea that in an era of instant communications between capitals an ambassador wor-

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thy of his keep had to do more than merely duplicate the functions of high-speed wires and direct-dial telephones. Thus he created for himself the unique role of being the official Reaganaut in Paris. In serviceable French, he has explained and defended the "Reagan Revolution" in public debates, on television, and in interviews. His favorite subjects have been the Administration's military buildup, its arms control policies, and "the growth economy." "America," Galbraith crows, "has created 27 million jobs in fifteen years. Employment in Europe has not grown, and some countries are sending foreign workers home."

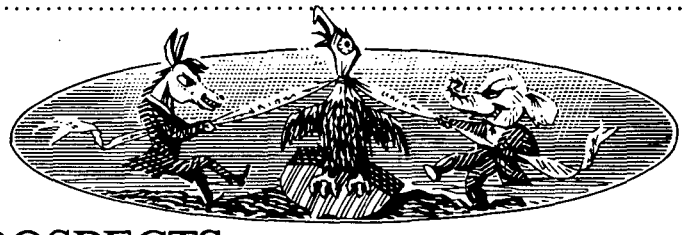
Such revelations have stunned France's socialist government, but not the large number of French voters now thumpingly opposed to their government and openly curious about Ronald Reagan.

Galbraith's criticisms appear to have been vindicated by events. When the Socialists brought their Communist partners into the government, Galbraith reminded French President Mitterrand of the Communists' affinity with Moscow and in time Mitterrand too saw the problem and sent Moscow's admirers packing. Galbraith admonished the French government for its laxity toward terrorists when a U.S. military attaché was ambushed, and as terrorism spread, the Quai d'Orsay quieted its indignation and tightened control of suspected terrorists. Perhaps his greatest moment came with our invasion of Grenada, when he debated a scowling left-wing editor on national television.

All this might make Galbraith "controversial" in the eyes of liberal Americans over here. In fact, their astonishment has assured that he is, but he is also vigorously intelligent and cheerful, as befits a man who has served on the board of directors of William F. Buckley's *National Review.* What is more, his views are not really that far removed from those of the men who laid the cornerstone for contemporary American foreign policy over four decades ago. Galbraith is a confirmed "internationalist," a term in wide currency a generation ago, and one that may be coming back, for internationalism's opposite, isolationism, is now creeping ever so steadily into the American left and right.

When Galbraith returns to the United States in mid-July he plans not only to return to the private sector but also to become active in conservative politics. When he left for France he was not a large figure among conservatives, but he is today. He has been asked to run for the United States Senate in Connecticut. He will certainly return to *National Review* and take up various other positions in conservative organizations. He may yet become as popular in America as he is in France. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



BRITISH VIEWS AND PROSPECTS

by Tom Bethell

The plane flopped down at Gatwick amid familiar childhood landmarks. To the north Leith Hill, with its eighteenth century castellated tower, the highest point of southeast England; and a few miles farther away the sleek outline of Box Hill, one of Hilaire Belloc's favorite spots. Between them lay my home town, the (to Americans) hilariously named Dorking. It is 25 miles south of London, within a National Trust-protected ring around London called the "green belt."

It is nice to be able to go back home and find things so much the same, although I suspect this makes Dorking a nicer place to visit than to live permanently. Perhaps, living in America, I have the best of both worlds. Zealous custodians of the past preserve my youthful haunts up to museum standards; while over here the never-ending upheaval and turmoil that is the essence of capitalism, and that some people understandably find distressing, can be relished as an entertaining spectacle with no personal overtones.

My brother, a neo-supply sider who works at the (booming) London Stock Exchange, lives a few miles from Gatwick, where a new terminal building is under construction. Many new jobs have been created in the area, he tells me, but the problem is housing. It is difficult to build new houses because they would tend to spoil the view of those who already live nearby. And so they would! While in England, I find my normally well-submerged preservationist instinct rising to the surface. Which is fine—so long as one does not lose sight of the purely selfish motive behind it. The economic consequences are another matter entirely. You can preserve England, which is nice for sentimental tourists like myself; or you can modernize it. It is difficult—although perhaps not impossible—to do both.

I went up Leith Hill one clear day. The view was extraordinary by any standards, and much as I remember it thirty years ago. You could see the English Channel through the Shoreham Gap (in the South Downs), while to the north London was clearer than it used to be in the 1950s. Do we have the Clean Air Act to thank for this? I would hope that my libertarian friends can come up with a more palatable explanation. But certainly there are no more fogs in London, or so I am told. (I wonder whether sentimental old-timers miss them.)

The trees on Leith Hill, and in fact vegetation everywhere one goes in the Surrey hills, are much overgrown compared to the days of my youth. I suggested to the woman collecting 20p. for the National Trust at the foot of Leith Hill Tower that they should cut down more of the trees to preserve the view. She said that sounded like an American suggestion (not having heard of the Sierra Club, evidently). It is a fact that since I left England undergrowth has become overgrowth. In the old days trees were cut down both to make houses and to heat them. Today we have North Sea oil, sheetrock, and Regional Planning, i.e., a severe limit on the number of new houses.

The view from Box Hill, five miles away, is so beautiful because it combines nature with man's labor. It is very much the fashion, especially in America, to believe that man cannot possibly improve upon nature's grand productions; much as many American parents evidently believe that children's characters are best left to grow untamed. From Box Hill, the Weald that lies before one (between the North Downs in Surrey and the South Downs in Sussex) was once a great primeval forest; no doubt dark and dank, inhabited by ogres, elves, and mysterious woodsmen who never saw the sun. Today it is much improved; light and airy, with oast houses and church steeples

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rising gently amid the fields and hedgerows.

The widespread opinion in England at present is that government policy is ruining the countryside. This is partly true, but the argument is extended fallaciously: This government is headed by Margaret Thatcher, who espouses free enterprise. Therefore free enterprise is ruining the countryside. Which is absurd. As in America the problem is one of subsidy, making it profitable to farm marginal land where once hedges grew and willows wept. So the problem is one of underutilization in land publicly held by the National Trust, and overutilization of private land eligible for subsidy. It is interesting to speculate that unsubsidized private property might maximize not only economic efficiency but also rural beauty.

I spent some time walking about Dorking, greatly enjoying the sensation of traveling incognito in familiar territory. The great new addition to the town, in the place where the sole surviving cinema once stood, is the local District Council office building. This is an ingenious and even architecturally interesting construction, its bureaucratic function disguised by half a dozen rather odd conical turrets, suggesting either oast houses or the Kremlin—whatever your frame of mind.

Clearly local government has been the great growth area in Dorking since I left. Here is where the opportunities lie for the hopeful young town lads—in among the file cabinets. I went inside and requested an interview, meanwhile browsing among the brochures. Here was copious information, about "family income supplement," free milk and vitamins, housing benefits and who is eligible; you and the countryside ("the countryside is there to be walked in"); the "Leisure Centre" at Leatherhead; the Water Park; the National Mobility Scheme; something called the Open University; Legal Aid for Criminal Offenses; the Environmental Health Department's "Be A Good Neighbour" campaign to eradicate unnecessary noise, e.g., "slamming car doors late at night" and "noisy children"; responsible dog ownership; and, not least, the high local tax rates that you are assessed if you do not qualify to be at the receiving end of all this bureaucratic ministration and meddling.

I was curious to find out how many council houses had been sold to tenants since this famous privatization scheme was instituted by the Thatcher government in August 1980. Bear in mind that Dorking and surrounding areas are strongly Conservative. Of the 41 local councilmen one is Labour, seven are Liberal-Social Democratic Alliance. Not exactly Arthur Scargill country. Commuterville, more like, sometimes putting on airs as Stockbroker's belt.

Eventually the man came out from the inner Housing sanctum. (British bureaucrats don't let journalists go beyond the reception area, no doubt wisely.) Here were the figures I wanted: Current district council housing stock is 4,835, he said. Total sales since 1980: 737. Which is to say a mere 13 percent. Total new properties acquired by the council since 1980: 323. (Total population of the jurisdiction: 70,000.)

For a number of reasons tenants often don't want to buy, the man said. The discount below market price can now be as much as 60 percent, but the monthly mortgage payment could still be 200 pounds compared with 60 pounds rent. Mortgage interest is deductible against taxes, but many tenants are in a low or zero bracket—with no prospects of getting into a high one if they are elderly. Then there are repairs to think about. For those who place prudence above valor and stay on as council tenants—that is, opt for serf status—repairs are done by the council.

It occurred to me that there is in

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England an unspoken Gentleman's Agreement between Tories and Socialists not to disturb the hierarchical social structure that has accumulated over the centuries. In 1945 we thought of the incoming socialists as people who were bent on destroying the Lord/Squire/Tenant hierarchy and replacing it with a new, democratic model of society. But of course it hasn't turned out that way. The socialist instruments of nationalization, regulation, and steep taxation, it turned out, preserved the pyramidal structure of society, merely shifting power to some extent from the old lords of the manor to a new, university-educated elite spouting Keynes, science, and planning.

Much as some of the Somocista oligarchs conveniently became Sandinistas, so many British Tories have had no real objection to the new (socialist) rationalizations for retaining dependents and power. They tend to think of the lower classes as rather helpless people who look to their betters to help them through life. This attitude, which has the virtue of candor by comparison with the bogus egalitarianism of the socialists, is fairly explicit in the writings of Peregrine Worsthorne and some other British conservatives.

The district council offices in Dorking are a rather conspicuous instance of the new (socialist) hierarchy at work, administered as it happens by conservatives, who undoubtedly do not see much reason to change anything. Their clients who come in to inquire about supplementary benefits, free milk, and Leisure Centre activities would in years past have gone to the side entrance of the Manor House, doffed their caps, tugged their forelocks, and made their requests. They no longer have to do this because today they have "rights." Socialism is not having to say please, or thank you. It is much worse than the hierarchy that it has replaced because it is based on lies about an imaginary class of oppressors—the ratepayers in Dorking in this instance.

But the point is that there is little prospect for change because there is such a broad consensus in favor of retaining the paternalistic hierarchy, encompassing the "right wing" of the Labour party, the Liberal-SDP Alliance, and I suppose three-fourths of the Tory party, including the "wets." Thatcher herself is outside this consensus. But my brother, at least, suspects that her program of establishing through the free market an independent electorate—independent of the government, that is—is likely to fail because she has so little support in the upper echelons of the hierarchy. Neither the Conservative nor the Labour party really wants such a change.

Apart from regulation of the type I have discussed, the most important mechanism for preserving a privileged class intact is a high rate of taxation on income. Those who have had the opportunity to acquire property at a time of low taxation are at a great competitive advantage over those whose income is intercepted at source by the Inland Revenue. That is why it was such a mistake for Mrs. Thatcher to listen to her Treasury mandarins, who have told her that at all cost, whatever else she does, she must not lower the tax rates, because then there will be this terrible budget deficit. Socialist Treasury mandarins would have given her exactly the same advice—for different reasons.

Footnote: Readers may be wondering, Whatever became of my disarming sister? I'm afraid I didn't see her this year. I suspect she may have been on duty at Molesworth Air Force base, which is the latest venue for protest. But I have pretty much come around to her point of view, if for different reasons. I have written to her suggesting that if she and her friends can get the Americans out of Europe, they will in the long run have done us all a favor. □

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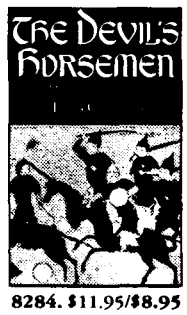

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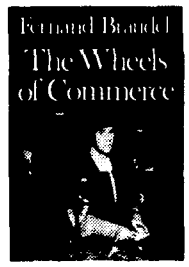

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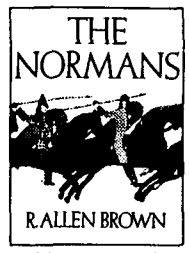

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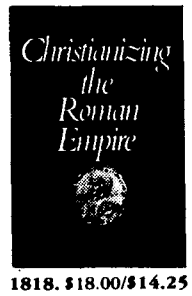

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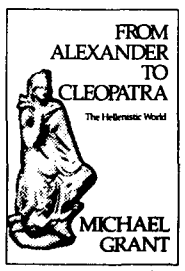

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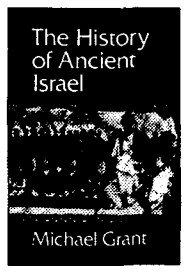

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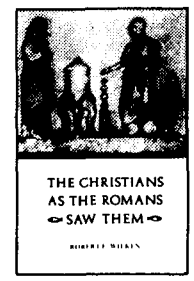

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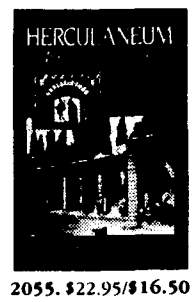

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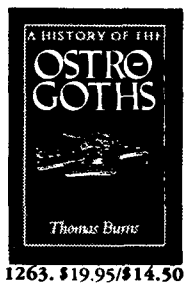

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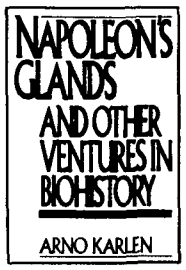

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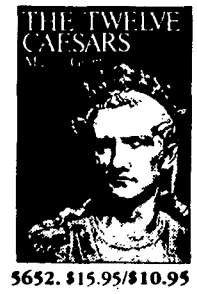

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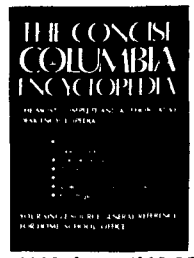

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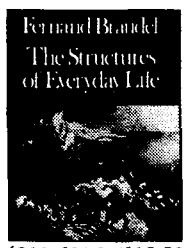

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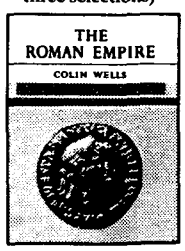

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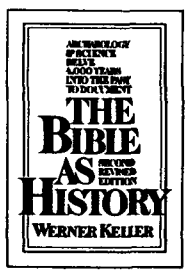

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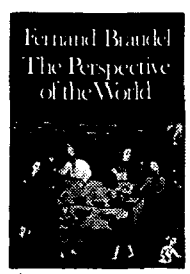

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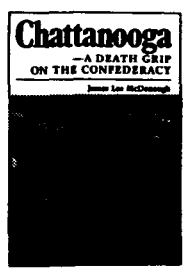

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Daniel O. Graham and Gregory A. Fossedal

FIRST STRIKE AND YOU'RE OUT

The window of vulnerability widens.

Back in 1979, Harold Brown, Jimmy Carter's defense secretary, warned publicly of a widening "window of vulnerability" to Soviet attack. By the mid-1980s, Brown said, the Soviets would have enough heavy, accurate missiles to threaten all U.S. land-based missiles in a surprise attack. Both Mr. Carter and Republican candidate Ronald Reagan pledged to close that window with large increases in military spending.

Years later, the window has not been closed. Indeed, it has widened. Soviet advances, based largely on technology stolen or bought from Western businessmen and the Pentagon, now pose a threat to U.S. bombers and submarines as well—the forces Mr. Brown, and Mr. Reagan's panel on U.S. nuclear strategy, the Scowcroft Commission, said could be relied on to ward off any Soviet attack.

If the Soviets perfect their paper first strike, it will probably not mean an immediate nuclear attack. It will mean the Soviets would become much, much bolder in pursuing their objectives in Europe, Africa, and Central America. As both Michael Novak and Daniel Ellsberg argue, and as the United States learned during the Cuban missile crisis, you need not actually fire nuclear weapons in order to "use" them.

Though committed to restoring the balance of power, the Reagan Administration at times has seemed oblivious to this turn of events. In his 1984 campaign, the President repeatedly bragged that the United States was "standing tall," leading voters to wonder if therefore we couldn't return to cutting the defense budget. At other times, such as his spring 1984 speech on the Euromissiles, Mr. Reagan conceded that, if anything, the U.S. was farther behind than when he took office. During his May trip to Europe, Mr. Reagan showed that if he was ill-informed about these developments during the campaign, he is no longer. Speaking on the fortieth anniversary of VE Day, Mr. Reagan warned of "a threat" to the very notion of mutual deterrence, saying that the Soviet arsenal now approaches "first strike" proportions.

Do you hear the groans? Warning about Soviet missile threats is not the way to earn instant credibility. Scares about Soviet superiority in the past were essentially campaign clubs to be used against the incumbent party: John Kennedy's attack on the Eisenhower Administration's inattention to both the space and missile gap; Ronald Reagan's thumping against the SALT II treaty. But with Mr. Reagan's VE Day speech, we had an open admission by an incumbent President, who cannot run again for re-election, that his own vaunted defense buildup may not be succeeding.

Ronald Reagan was correct in this assessment. Despite showering much money and rhetoric on the window of vulnerability, a Republican White House and Democratic Congress have failed to close the gap. It is now at least plausible that the Soviets will have a first-strike capability by 1990, and it is likely by 1995—unless there is a change in U.S. nuclear strategy and weapons programs. Writes Jeffrey Record in the *New Republic*: "In the category of strategic nuclear forces—the centerpiece of the Administration's military program—the past four years has witnessed an actual decline in force levels."

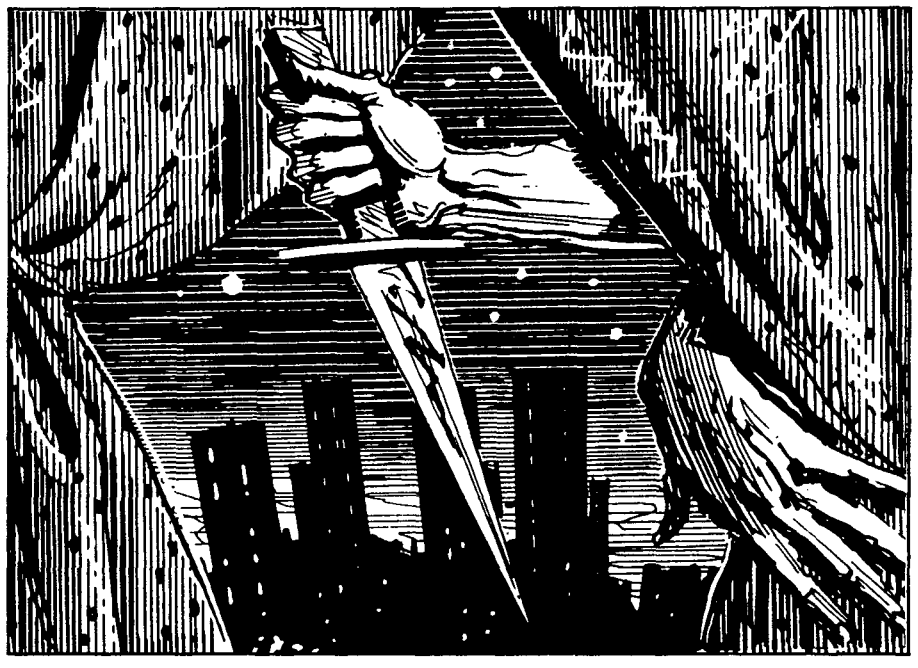
So, in part, the emerging threat to the U.S. triad of submarines, bombers, and land-based missiles rests on our own failure to meet the challenge. But it also rests on three key Soviet developments.

First, there is the Soviet missile program itself. When U.S. planners began to worry about a "window of vulnerability" back in 1976, the Soviets had a force of roughly 2,500 warheads. Since then they have added about 500 warheads a year, topping 6,000 by their own admission.

On top of that, by cheating on the SALT I and II treaties, the Soviets have stockpiled, by a conservative estimate, 2,500 illegal warheads—as Secretary of Defense Weinberger admitted to Sen. James McClure in 1985 testimony. And according to Capitol Hill aide David Sullivan, a former CIA analyst, Weinberger's numbers are low: The Soviets have stockpiled 5,000 illegal warheads, if not more. Sullivan's assessment was corroborated by a secret estimate this year by the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

To these one must add a force of 2,500 submarine ballistic missiles, and a growing fleet of sub-launched cruise missiles—many now capable of hitting U.S. missiles, command centers, and air bases in ten minutes—plus 1,500 or more "intermediate range" missiles usable against targets in Europe and Asia. If the Soviets keep building these intermediate missiles, as a 1984 Defense intelligence estimate predicts, they may add another 6,000 warheads in the next few years.

Thus, the Kremlin already has at least 12,000 warheads in its nuclear arsenal, and probably 15,000 if the Joint Chiefs are right. These warheads can be aimed with great confidence at the 3,000 to 4,000 targets the Soviets must hit in the U.S. and Europe to achieve a first strike. Those key targets include U.S. missiles and command centers, NATO and U.S. air bases, and nuclear-armed submarines at sea and in port.



Note that it does not matter how many total warheads (i.e., how much "overkill") the U.S. has if those warheads are vulnerable. Our deterrent of about 8,000 warheads is packed into a much smaller number of missiles, bombers, and submarines. If the Soviets hit a missile with its ten warheads on the ground, they get all ten warheads with one shot. With a minimum of 12,000 accurate warheads, the Soviets have all the firepower they need to hit the 4,000 targets that house our total deterrent force—roughly two warheads per target will do.

Daniel O. Graham and Gregory A. Fossedal are the co-authors of A Defense that Defends *(Devin-Adair), from which parts of this article have been adapted.*

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What deters the Soviets from attack now is not a lack of warheads, but the fact that as yet they cannot find all the targets—in particular, Western submarines. But their rapid progress in solving this problem constitutes the second threatening development: the Soviet anti-submarine program.

A submarine, once found, can be targeted with a strategic missile, or even a nuclear-tipped cruise missile fired from another submarine a few minutes away. According to Reagan science adviser George Keyworth, a nuclear explosion within 100 miles of a submarine will knock it out, and Soviet and U.S. missiles are accurate to within a few hundred yards and less.

Worse, about half of the U.S. submarine force is at any given time in port for repairs. By the mid-1990s, when America is finished packing its nuclear missiles into a smaller number of subs, we will have only ten to twelve subs at sea at any given time. Since the Soviets have about 130 long-range attack submarines, finding our small fleet of big subs may not be a formidable problem to begin with. They might simply "follow" each U.S. sub with a fleet of five or ten tracking attack subs as it leaves port.

But since our submarines might give the Soviet tracking subs the slip, the Soviets would like to develop means of finding our subs anywhere in the world. This tracking problem has kept the Soviets working furiously for several years. And according to William Kucewicz of the *Wall Street Journal,* they may be close to solving it. One possibility is the synthetic aperture radar. "The radar can apparently detect the subtle effects produced by submerged submarines," Kucewicz writes. A submarine leaves several "signatures," i.e., wave disturbances on the surface of the water, as it churns through the oceans. It also leaves its own warm water plume, and churns up cold water on the ocean floor, two thermal disturbances that might be read from space. "The Soviets have been testing the radar from high flying aircraft and from the Salyut 7 space station against their own class of submarines with considerable success," Kucewicz says.

Submarines also produce changes in the color of plankton, he says. Chlorophyll in these plankton absorbs blue and red wavelengths of light. As a submarine moves through the water, changes in the distribution of plankton behind the sub can be read by looking at the chlorophyll. Satellites may soon be able to detect such effects. To do this, the Soviets will need more sensitive instruments for taking the "picture" of these effects plus better computers to help sort out the complicated data, according to physicist and defense writer Robert Jastrow.

These exotic-sounding technologies, in combination with the synthetic aperture radar, "demonstrate the Soviets are determined to destroy all three legs of the U.S. deterrent triad," concludes John Bosma of the *Military Space* newsletter.

No offense is perfect, of course. Even a well-planned Soviet attack would probably leave a handful of surviving U.S. forces. Which is why the Soviet leadership is spending a great deal of money on a third major effort: the Soviets' own strategic defense program.

The Soviets are rapidly perfecting a broad range of weapons to protect against any U.S. forces that might survive a Soviet first strike. These include anti-missile defenses, or ABMs, on land (and someday in space) to shoot down nuclear missiles; an air defense to knock out surviving bombers; civil defenses to protect elites and industries, and, secondarily, the Soviet people; and anti-satellite weapons to disable U.S. guidance, and perhaps early-warning, satellites during a nuclear attack.

Soviet ABM capabilities have been carefully hidden from the U.S., mainly because almost any defense the Soviets might deploy would violate the 1972 ABM treaty. What we know of the Soviet defense program, however, suggests it is large and growing. In fact, the Soviet Union, unlike the United States, spends roughly one dollar on strategic defense for every dollar on strategic offense.

The most mature part of the program is the Soviet anti-missile defense that includes the only operational ABM system in the world. In recent years, the Soviets have tested and deployed a number of new surface-to-air missiles capable of knocking down U.S. missiles. These missiles, more than 10,000, are deployed across the Soviet Union. The newest can be used against both bombers and ballistic missiles.

The Soviets have deployed the one full ABM system allowed by the treaty, a system blanketing Moscow and the surrounding area. But they have also added several illegal radars in a broad circle around Moscow, well beyond the range of a single ABM, extending the "legal" system's coverage to perhaps several hundred miles. And now the Soviets are building radars so far away from Moscow (such as the Krasnoyarsk radar) and so constructed that they clearly violate the ABM treaty. Secretary Weinberger has said these radars may be the first stage of a Soviet "break-out" into a full, nationwide ABM defense.

The Soviets are also developing already-tested mobile radars for mass production. These mobile radars will be more survivable and easier to hide from U.S. detection, and can be rolled out in a matter of days, says the Pentagon's *Soviet Military Power* handbook.

Taken together, these Soviet radars and surface-to-air missiles constitute at the least a crude defense of Soviet territory west of Moscow. Indeed, this is already a nationwide defense of sorts, since most of the Soviet population, not to mention industry, is located in this region. In the coming years, this defense will be expanded and extended to cover even more territory with even more effective technology.

In Mr. Reagan's VE Day speech, we had an open admission by an incumbent President that his vaunted defense buildup may not be succeeding.

Now, the Soviets understand that some U.S. bombers might survive a Soviet attack and pose a threat to a few Soviet cities. That is why they are spending about $10 billion a year on the most complete air-defense system in the world. (The figure is from *Arsenal,* a book by MIT professor Kosta Tsipis, a leading critic of U.S. defense policies.) The United States, by contrast, spent well under $1 billion on such air defenses in 1984.

As part of their elaborate air defense, the Soviets have deployed some 2,500 supersonic "interceptor" planes designed to shoot down any U.S. bombers that survive a Soviet attack. Since only 20 to 40 percent of our bomber force is airborne and armed at any given time, the task of those 2,500 Soviet planes may not be difficult to start with.

But how will the Soviet air defense fare against such U.S. systems as the low-flying B-1 bomber and the evasive cruise missile? This is a subject of heated debate among defense experts. According to the Pentagon's *Soviet Military Power,* though, the Soviets are now building fighter planes, such as the Foxhound and Fulcrum interceptors, with "look-down, shoot-down" capability. Such planes will, arguably, be able to detect the low-flying (but very slow) cruises and B-1 bombers well before they reach their target.

One indicator of the vulnerability of our cruise missiles came two years ago—when the Pentagon reduced an order for some 4,300 of the missiles to about 1,400. Then, too, cruise missiles and bombers may take up to several hours to reach their targets. Given the Soviets' massive expenditure of $28 billion to $56 billion on civil defense—including $3 billion a year just in maintenance—our bombers may have little to hit when, hours after they take off, they finally reach their target.

What Kremlin elites care most about, of course, is their own survival. And here the Soviet buildup is especially formidable. The Soviet Union is now dotted with deep, underground "Führer bunkers" capable of housing the top 175,000 Communist party members and military commanders. Since this network protects the one group of people the Soviet elite truly cares about, this is a most ominous development for Western security.

Not that the Soviet strategic defense program is limited to mere defense. For twenty years (well before Soviet diplomats and U.S. defense critics began bemoaning an "arms race in space") the Soviets have been hard at work developing an anti-satellite capability.

Some U.S. experts scoff at this threat, saying that Soviet tests were only 50-percent successful, and appear to have stopped a year ago. But that overall success figure includes tests on exotic and emerging (for the Soviets) technologies. In their last seven tests of a simple-technology satellite weapon using radar as a homing device, the Soviets were successful six times. Since the whole point of testing is to find out which weapons work best and to improve those that have promise, early Soviet failures cited in the overall 50-percent rate are irrelevant. Accordingly, the Soviets have moved beyond the test phase and now have the only operational anti-satellite weapon in the world. At present, the Soviet ASAT can only reach satellites in lower orbit. Nonetheless, this would allow the Soviets to threaten key U.S. guidance and reconnaissance satellites.

Meanwhile, the Soviets are working on deadly beam weapons of much greater range. In fact, says *Soviet Military Power,* "the Soviets [already] have two ground-based high-energy lasers with anti-satellite capabilities." According to *Aviation Week,* the Soviets may deploy a space-based laser on their Salyut 7 station, or on a planned shuttle or space plane, as early as 1989. Such systems might threaten U.S. early warning satellites—in effect blinding the U.S. to an oncoming nuclear punch.

The Soviets have already shown how some of these developments—their massive missile buildup, ground-based

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defenses, and Star Wars weapons—might fit together. In one 1982 test marked by cold, premeditated precision, the Soviets conducted a mock nuclear first strike, involving a missile and submarine attack, anti-satellite weapons, and a check on ABM defenses. The test, by the way, was a success.

Irving Kristol is fond of asking rhetorically why, if nuclear weapons are so "unusable," the Soviets are spending such massive amounts on nuclear missiles. (Their present nuclear arsenal soaked $500 billion to $1 trillion from the moribund Soviet economy.) The answer is that nuclear weapons are not unusable, not if you have enough of them, with enough accuracy, plus the capacity to find the necessary military targets and defend against the handful that survive.

Even if you do not believe the Soviets would launch such a first-strike arsenal—that they would rather own Cleveland than blow it up—there is a threat to our survival as a free society. Soviet strategy may be that suggested by Novak, in which nuclear weapons are "used" to intimidate without ever having to be fired. If this sounds benign, it isn't. When a gangster points a gun at you and tells you to hand over your wallet, he has used his pistol just as surely as if he had pulled the trigger, and the Soviets are after more than our wallets.

Besides, this view could be wrong. The Soviets might just like to see a mushroom cloud over the United States, if only as an example to the rest of their empire.

The Soviet first-strike threat is not yet something that is, but it is something that can be. It is a possibility too serious to be pooh-poohed by the intelligentsia as another Committee-on-the-Present-Danger scare. Americans are going to have to be informed about the threat and face up to it. And our elites, including journalists and politicians, are going to have to meet it, probably within the next few years. □

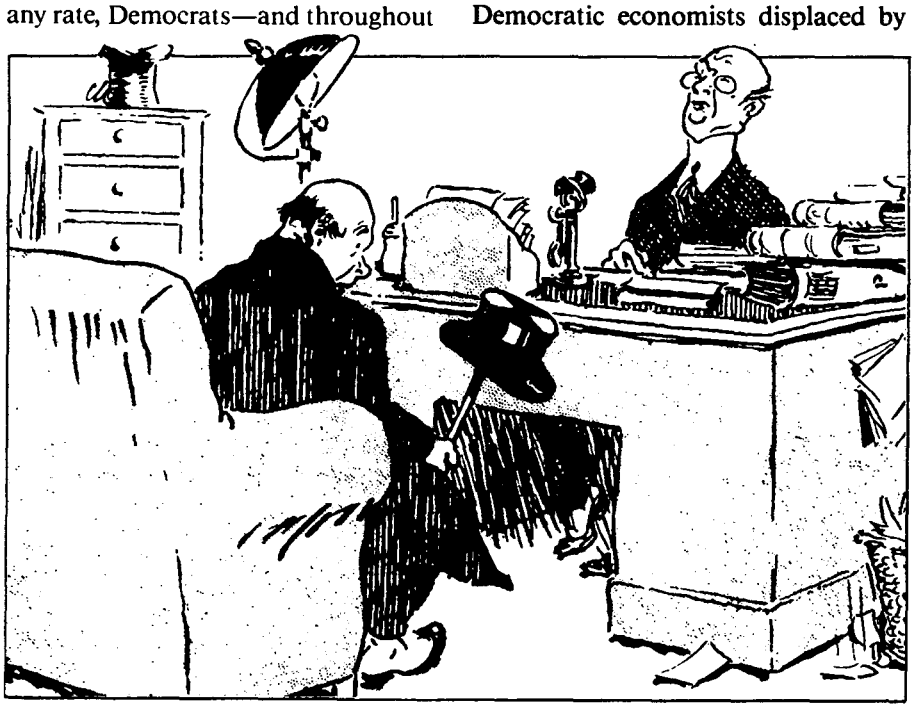
Melville J. Ulmer

OPEN SECRETS OF THE DEFICIT

It all comes down to our Congressional spendthrifts.

Years ago there was a famous boxer known as Falling Phil Scott who won a remarkable series of bouts, while barely landing a blow, by rising from the canvas, clutching his groin, and screaming "Foul!" Thinking of Falling Phil, an anti-hero in my boyhood, I think of the Democratic party. Dropped to the political canvas last November, it now claims victory. The grounds? It seems that the public has been unfairly mesmerized by the dazzle of the present President's TV personality. Under that spell Americans were rendered purblind to the imperishable aspirations for which his opponents loyally stand. So, unabashedly in the role of victor, the dominant left wing of the Democratic party now seeks to realize the two paramount goals solemnly engraved in the 1984 party platform. The first is to add Central America to the list of the baubles blithely awarded to the Soviet Union in the past: Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Mozambique, Angola, Ethiopia, and South Yemen. That one I leave to the President, with heartiest best wishes. The second is to stimulate and extend the welfare state with a vigorous injection of new taxes drawn from business and the "rich." With Walter Mondale's public reception still fresh in mind, even the party's run-of-the-mill politicians agree that this one must be pursued with circumlocutory prudence.

The Democratic stratagem for achieving this cardinal economic objective centers on the federal deficit. Practically everyone agrees that the deficit is a problem, though the reasons advanced often collide in confusion. At any rate, Democrats—and throughout I mean the party's powerful ultra-liberal wing—know the answer. It is disclosed in the glee with which their intellectual leaders greeted "Treasury I"—the department's initial version of a tax reform program, later withdrawn in embarrassment. Before the ink was dry on the Treasury's document, Joseph Pechman gushed in the *Washington Post* over its ingenious merits, which included a hefty hike in business taxes amounting to 25 percent in the first year of operation and 36 percent later. Pechman is the veteran tax expert of the Brookings Institution, a long famous safe house for Democratic economists displaced by Republican administrations. Michael Kinsley of the *New Republic* followed closely, enthralled by the enlightened shift of the tax burden from "labor" to "capital." But these and the similar effusions that followed are just suggestive signs. The ultimate goals are far more ambitious, reaching back to the golden dreams of the last Democratic presidential convention with strong echoes from the one that nominated George McGovern.



The basic tactic currently devised is to hammer incessantly at the menace of the federal deficit, a safe enough butt since no matter what action is taken it's not likely to disappear soon. As Pechman recently pronounced with customary literary flair, the prospective deficits are from $200 to $300 billion or higher annually "as far as the eye can see." Unless, of course, "appropriate" actions are taken. Now if the Administration's drive for cuts in nondefense spending can be effectively blocked, as Tip O'Neill and his comrades in alms promise, only two courses will remain open: a severe boost in taxes and an assault on defense. Meanwhile, government handouts, special interest coddling, industrial meddling, and pork barrel gorging can go on unabated. Net result: the 1984 Democratic platform resurrected and in action! But before confronting such possibilities, a few words are in order about the peril of the deficit. Just what does it do?

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The fears, ironically, come from Pechman, Walter Heller, James Tobin, and other Keynesians who for decades have been proclaiming that deficit spending was the route to prosperity. Today their views of the damage of the deficit, present or prospective, coincide with that of the Democratic left, along with scattered middle-of-the-roaders, in what may be termed the liberal or conventional theory. The unique part of their reasoning is not that it leads to an urgent need for balancing the budget, a consummation that all but a few mentally deficient homeless would applaud. The unique element is a corollary that achieving the balance is in itself more important than how it is done. This opens the door to their own judicious preferences already identified: higher taxes along with a shriveled defense.

The Democrats' basic tactic is to hammer incessantly at the menace of the federal deficit, a safe enough butt since no matter what action is taken it's not likely to disappear soon.

The liberal theory of the deficit's menace appears in two segments, one focusing on domestic repercussions, and the other on international economic relations. The latter starts with the now familiar proposition that federal borrowing to finance the deficit "crowds out" private demands for credit. It supposedly does so by raising the cost of capital—the interest rate—thereby blocking private investment. In turn, the high interest rate attracts funds from abroad, boosting the value of the dollar—since to invest here, foreigners must *buy* dollars. Ultimately, the inflated dollar reduces U.S. exports (which become more expensive for foreigners), and increases U.S. imports (which become cheaper for us). The unpleasant effect has been the spreading unemployment observed in industries like steel, autos, and textiles.

Popular though it is, this view is not fully consistent with the facts. There has been no progressive rise in interest rates; instead, they dropped sharply from 1981 to 1983, rose a bit in mid-1984, and have been drifting lower since, even while the deficit steadily mounted. The reason for this overall drop is the success story of our business recovery. Corporations managed to finance their capital needs primarily through ample retained profits rather than borrowing. Nor was there any perceptible crowding out. Indeed, investment rose vigorously, leading the business expansion through 1983 and 1984 while employment, relative to the adult population, ascended to an all-time peak—a tribute to lower tax rates and improved incentives generally. True, the value of the dollar advanced with an unfortunate impact on some exporting industries, but that can be explained as well by a second version of recent events.

This more verifiable explanation states that the high value of the dollar stems directly from the prosperity of the American economy, especially relative to the dragging industrial activity through most of Western Europe. A general perception of the USA as the world's safest and most profitable haven for investment drew funds from abroad, rather than a mere elevation of interest rates. At least as important, the same perception induced American business to cut its own annual investments in foreign countries in favor of those at home. Our flow of private capital abroad dropped from $108 billion in 1982 to $43 billion in 1983 and $12 billion in 1984. Since this sharply diminished flow reduced the supply of dollars in international markets, it was sufficient in itself to put upward pressure on the dollar's value. Hence, in this rival view, the role of the deficit in impairing our international balance of trade is minimized. Major responsibility would be assigned elsewhere—say, in the self-impoverishing domestic policies of Western Europe and the predatory trade practices of nearly all our trading partners.

We turn now to the conventional liberal interpretation of the deficit's impact on our domestic economy aside from international trade, which is true as far as it goes, even platitudinous, and therefore more significant for what it omits than for what it says. For example, its disciples point out that a growing deficit means that government is placing more and more funds in the income stream than it is taking out. That's a conventional thought if ever there was one—indeed true by definition. Just as conventional, and as impervious to contradiction, is the observation that *sooner or later* this process will generate inflation. Also, *given enough time*, the Treasury's incessant borrowing will raise the market rate of interest. Finally, and inevitably, as the national debt ascends, so do its interest obligations, which must be met by taxpayers. All true, all consistent with the textbooks, and yet the argument misses a central point. It places excessive emphasis on financial entities and too little on the fundamental *material* effects of the government budget.

To appreciate that, ask yourself what would happen if the present deficit, arising as it has, were financed fully by taxation, placing the budget in balance. No inflation, right? Maybe lower interest rates. But what else?

Basically, an enlarging deficit enables government to grasp an ever greater command over private physical resources. This is the *real* crowding out. And it achieves this goal by the blunt means of inflation, even though, under present circumstances, that simply keeps prices higher than they otherwise would be. When government buys ever greater amounts of the nation's supply of labor and other resources, it gets them by outbidding the private sector, and it can borrow or even create money to get its way. But this last observation demonstrates that those who call for a boost in taxes—the devious Democrats as well as some "moderate" Republicans—are merely surrendering to the persistent onslaught of government. Federal expenditures crowd out private expenditures, and *taxes crowd out private incomes*. The second simply certifies the first.

At best, matching rising public outlays with higher taxes—balancing the budget—succeeds in financing government's growth without inflation. "At best" is a warning. Because far more likely, the stiffly higher taxes involved would obliterate private investment, induce the biggest recession of the postwar era, touch off a sickening collapse in budgetary revenue, and yield in the end a greater deficit than ever before. For what it's worth, there would be one consolation. Every plank in the Democratic platform would be realized: a larger role for government, a squeeze on business, a bureaucratic "industrial policy," and enough retraining programs and handouts to fulfill a social worker's loftiest dreams.

What to do? A glance at the federal budget over the last several years is instructive, as given below for fiscal years ending on October 1.[1]

The principal message of these data is that responsibility for the deficit's explosion over the last several years must be placed squarely on public spending. Revenue rose quite exuberantly from 1980 to 1984, by a solid 29 percent, considerably more than the advance of population and the price level combined. In other words, *real* receipts per capita rose significantly. But barely anything reasonable in the way of taxes could have matched government outlays, which climbed by 44 percent. Nor, liberal protestations to the contrary, can "defense" be identified as the villain of the piece, although waste is as inexcusable here as elsewhere in government. *Non*-defense expenditures accounted for three-fourths of the total and rose by 37 percent in the four-year period considered. In the face of so huge and generalized an advance, to balance the budget by "enhancing" revenue would require a 50 percent increase in *both* individual and corporation income taxes.[2]

Would that be enough to reproduce the toboggan slide of 1929-32? Quite possibly, were we mad enough to hold our chins out to take it. Such grotesqueries aside, it's worth noting that even now federal, state, and local taxes together absorb 40 percent of our total annual earnings, as measured in the Commerce Department's national income. That's not a figure that liberal economists like to acknowledge

[2]As estimated by Edgar K. and Jacquelene Browning in *Essays in Contemporary Economic Problems: The Economy in Deficit*, a collection edited by Phillip Cagan and published this year by the American Enterprise Institute.

[1]BILLIONS OF DOLLARS

	Receipts	Outlays	Deficit
1980	517.1	590.9	73.8
1981	599.3	678.2	78.9
1982	617.8	745.7	127.9
1983	600.6	808.3	207.8
1984	666.5	851.8	185.3
1985*	736.9	959.1	222.2

*Estimates
Source: Office of Management and Budget

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without the pressure of thumbscrews. Especially in international comparisons, their tendency is to treat the federal level as *all* government.

Getting back to the figures, one may look with some pride at the spectacular boost in revenue in 1984, reflecting the strength of the business recovery and the power of growth as a force in limiting the deficit. Limiting yes, but not a sufficient force to halt its expansion, much less to reverse it. The officially estimated figures for 1985 demonstrate that with the deficit's renewed upward draft, despite the Administration's optimistic forecast of business activity, an even mild recession in the period ahead would deepen the problem severely. There is, then, no alternative to the liberal pincer movement of government's continued expansion, coupled with killing taxes, other than to chop public outlays ruthlessly.

Of course, to stifle hyperanxious cries on the left, we quickly acknowledge the need to continue aid for the truly needy. But that's not the point of this analysis. Rather, it is that, for healthy survival, we must slice through the labyrinth of subsidies, giveaways, pork barrel back-scratching, special interest favors, useless or less useful "programs" that now crowds our budget, not excluding a thorough reform of the entire welfare system. In addition, steely-eyed efficiency experts should be turned loose all over government, with the Grace Commission report in hand. It cannot honestly be expected that all this will materialize very soon with our two Houses of Congress populated as they are. Nor with so much of the media howling as they do, in leftist cant. Therefore, the first order of business is to turn the rascals out as quickly as possible. Until then, expect budgetary compromises, and for the good of the country, let's hope that meanwhile conservative voices will resound at least as forcefully as those from the other side. □

Malcolm Gladwell

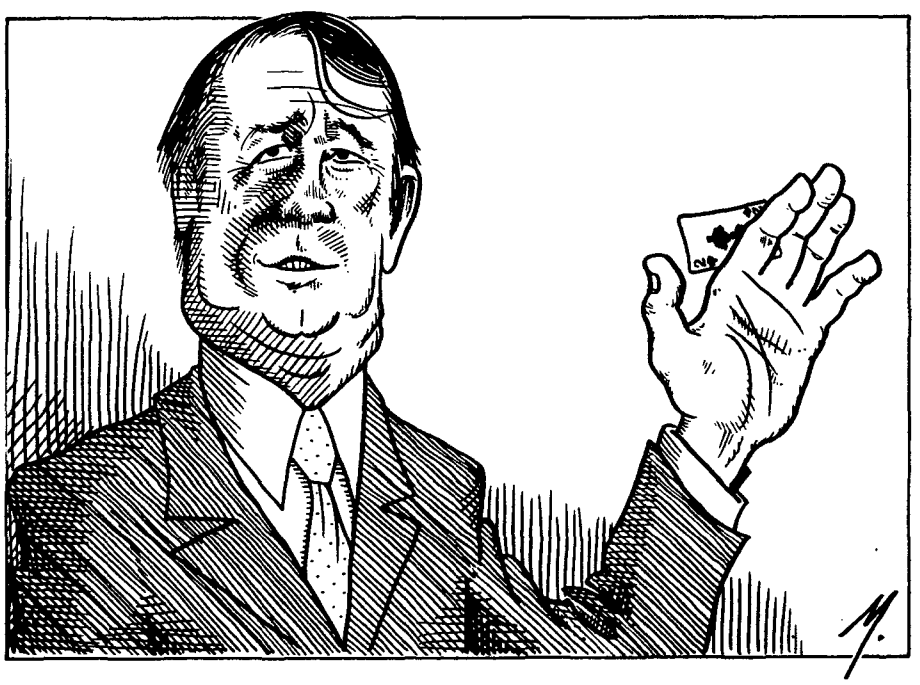
BRIAN'S SONG

In Canada the move to the right has a different sound.

Words do not simply flow out of Brian Mulroney, they come tumbling out, spilling over at the edges—not always concise but always persuasive, profanity hard upon the heels of sententiousness. The wise-ass on the subject of Liberal pork barreling—"There's no whore like an old whore"—can just as easily seize the moral high ground. Pressed by opposition leaders late last year about his administration's alleged overuse of government planes, Mulroney didn't miss a beat. "I would never do that," he said. "I regard them [the planes] as sacred instruments of travel."

These, we are told, are the gifts of the Irish, the gifts that are so often imputed to Ronald Reagan as well. In Mulroney's childhood on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, it was whispered that he would someday make a fine bishop. Later, as one of Montreal's foremost labor negotiators and then as a corporate executive, legends grew about his ability to talk his way to seemingly impossible solutions. Many remember when he was head of Iron Ore Co. of Canada and had to close his company's mine in the tiny village of Schefferville, Quebec. In all the negotiations, the story goes, Mulroney was so moving, so caring, so convincing, that at the end of a final and emotional meeting with the townsfolk, he was given a standing ovation. There are some who still don't believe it: "A standing ovation? *The man was closing the town down!*"

It was this way last fall, when, with his words at their very best, Brian Mulroney talked his way to the biggest landslide in Canadian history. For a brief and giddy moment—long enough at least to win an election—he was able to cast his spell over the entire Canadian electorate and do what no Tory since Diefenbaker had managed to do: convince French Canadians that they belonged within the Conservative party. Never mind that for almost one hundred years French Canada had been dominated by the Liberals, and that throughout the seventies the Conservatives never had more than 4 of Quebec's 75 seats. Mulroney got 58, and he did it because he was the first Conservative to touch *les cordes sensibles* of Canada's six million francophones. Over and over again Mulroney played up his roots in rural Quebec: "I am the boy from Baie Comeau," he would say. In his televised French debate with Liberal leader John Turner, Mulroney spoke the street-corner Quebecois of his childhood, while Turner struggled with the stiff French of his days at the Sorbonne. In the end it was Mulroney, not Turner, who convinced Quebecers that he was their rightful spokesman. It was Mulroney, not Turner, who, in a province where Trudeau was a hero to the last, filled the void left by the former prime minister. As Mulroney's biographer Ian MacDonald writes: "Mulroney sees the country being composed of minority groups, and he views the government as the protector and promoter of their interests. In that sense, he is Trudeau's political heir."



Of course, the more Mulroney sounded like Trudeau in Quebec the more difficult things became in the Western provinces. There is no love lost between east and west in Canada. In temperament, the West often seems closer to the American Sunbelt than to Ontario and Quebec; Calgary, certainly, is much more a northern Tulsa than a western Toronto, alienated by culture and geography from "the eastern establishment." Of what use, for example, was a national French-English bilingualism policy to an Albertan rancher when there wasn't a francophone west of Manitoba? Nor did Trudeau help matters by forcing the resource-rich West, primarily Alberta, to sell its oil during the energy crises of the mid-seventies to Canadian markets at well below world prices. Alberta's true feelings were somewhat less than patriotic: "Let the Eastern bastards freeze in the dark."

It should have mattered, then, in

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fiercest Tory-blue Western Canada that Mulroney wasn't repudiating Pierre Trudeau so much as succeeding him. But it didn't. Mulroney swept the West as well, balancing the two volatile constituencies with consummate skill, soft-pedaling on his affinity with Trudeau's cultural policy before traditionally Tory audiences, and laying on the blarney with a trowel. Where he could not command allegiance, he bought it, making, by his opponents' count, 338 campaign promises totaling in the billions—improved income support for the elderly, more funds for medical care, help for Niagara wine growers, tax credits for Western farmers, new uniforms for the army, affirmative action for women and minorities, a doubling of R & D spending, restoration of unprofitable railway lines, and on and on. Through it all the newspapers laughed and Mulroney's opponents screamed, but the voters didn't seem to mind. It was a willing seduction. The polls indicated that only 6 percent of Canadians cared about what Mulroney's extravagant promises would do to the national debt, but fewer seemed to expect Mulroney to follow through on them anyway. It was just a case of being made to feel special, of Canadians—after 16 years of Trudeau's division and browbeating—being happy that someone had the generosity to include them all in his vision. "He's a typical Irish fraud," says a good friend. "It's a positive thing, not a negative thing. He's not trying to make you believe in his fraudulence. You know exactly why he's doing it and how, but you can't help but be charmed by it. And for reasons I don't know, only the Irish can do that."

There are shortcomings, of course, to government based on Irish blarney and empty promises. Today, ten months after his big win, the Prime Minister has yet to impress anyone with his boldness; indeed he has, on occasion, acted as if conciliation was the end and not a means of government policy. In his relations with the United States, for example, Mulroney's early insistence on cordiality—"under Trudeau we treated Americans like enemies, barraged them with insults, never gave them the benefit of the doubt, and then wondered why we never got along"—seemed well taken, as did his concern with having a good personal relationship with the American President: "Good chemistry creates an environment, a climate within which great things could be accomplished. If the atmosphere is polluted and spoiled by bickering and nastiness and vindictive remarks, then it's unlikely that anything good will emerge from the heads of state getting together."

But did he take the idea too far? In both their formal visits to date, the two leaders have been, in the prevailing metaphor among Canadian journalists, "like two Irishmen in a pub on payday." Critics say the relationship is *too* close, and that Mulroney has sacrificed bargaining toughness for conviviality. The Canadian government so far has been eager to right the wrongs of the Trudeau era—testing the cruise missile in Canada, relaxing anti-U.S. investment and corporate provisions, backing Star Wars early on—without acknowledging that since each of these decisions in some way diminishes Canadian sovereignty, quid pro quo from the Americans is critical. Take what has happened—or rather, what has not happened—over acid rain, an issue of mounting seriousness in eastern Canada. Long ago Conservative environment minister Suzanne Blais-Grenier made it clear to Parliament that she was not "going to the border and shaking my fist, and saying you damned people you aren't doing anything," yet at the so-called "Shamrock Summit" between Reagan and Mulroney in March that attitude produced only an American promise to appoint an envoy and "study" the situation. As one disgruntled Tory staffer told me: "The summit was all vines and no 'taters."

Typical of Mulroney as well was the way he backed down after a mildly controversial statement that Israel was one of a number of allies Canada had neglected. "I could just as easily have said Egypt," he added the next day. *Egypt*? "The Mulroney approach to government," John Turner was to say later, "seems directed more by the desire to placate, a need to please, an urge to be loved, than the ability to order priorities and a willingness to make choices."

It's as if Mulroney has no ideological vision, as if he's hollow at the core. Those closest to him, in fact, will readily admit it. "Brian's about as ideological as a coffee pot," says his senior policy adviser Charley MacMillan. Although it may not be that Mulroney would always rather switch than fight, like the former labor arbitrator that he is he seems to bring to policy debates nothing except a commitment to the *process* of negotiation. He is willing to show leadership as a mediator, perhaps, to be firm as a third party; but as a participant, with specific demands and goals, he seems lost.

What *does* Mulroney think an independent foreign policy for Canada means? Is he a free-trader at heart? What were his true feelings when he met with Gorbachev in March? No one in Canada is able to answer these questions—least of all, it seems, Mulroney himself.

The Mulroney political creed is the purest form of pragmatism, nothing more, nothing less. He was contemptuous of policy debates in all his years of opposition—"Conservatives had a choice," he says looking back. "We could try and form a government, or we could sit down and write letters to the *Ottawa Citizen*." And in power now, the contempt remains. "The Prime Minister of Canada is no place for a philosopher. If you're going to philosophize then you should do that in the sanctity of one of our finer universities. Here you are dealing with human tragedy and human problems." Intellection is for another time, presumably retirement, when he can "live in Europe for a couple of years, hang around Paris, that kind of thing, get a few ideas into my head." In the meantime, Mulroney's sense of his own legitimacy as Prime Minister is purely existential—"I am a doer. I like to listen to people. I get the best advice I can and then act in the interests of the Canadian people. I think that's the only way to function properly."

Having said this, I hasten to add that I do not think Mulroney's failure to provide ideological leadership really matters. Canadian politics may not be as unideological as some have claimed (what was Trudeau? a centrist?), but it is true that Canadians as a whole show a marked reluctance to define issues in ideological terms. Last Christmas, Tory finance minister Michael Wilson suggested that the government might abandon the principle of universality in welfare payments as a means of cutting the deficit. Why, the Tories asked, should some banker get a family allowance check each month? Reaction was immediate and unremittingly hostile. The left-wing New Democratic party, for example—who, one might have thought, would have some sympathy for a soak-the-rich scheme—was horrified that this might "ghettoize social programs." Others were simply offended by the suggestion that government money could be conditional. "You've already said that the bank president earning $500,000 a year clearly doesn't need this cheque," went a typical question of Mulroney. "He could probably [*probably*?] get along without it. What about the bank manager earning $40,000 a year?"

Canadians simply shied away from the ideological implications of a welfare system based on need. They preferred the universal principle of "entitlement"—and did so consciously and vehemently—because it has a fundamentally social rationale: that one is entitled to government money purely on the basis of being a citizen. Even in the campaign, polling indicated that Canadians preferred the more modest evaluation of government—is government being managed effectively?—to the ideological question—should we be supporting such broad welfare programs at all? As a Mulroney aide explains: "People felt they were giving us a mandate to run things better rather than a mandate to make fundamental change in social policy or economic policy."

What Mulroney understands is that Canadians really don't want ideological leadership; they want someone to articulate a social vision. "This is a pretty thoughtful kind of country," he said once, "where attitudes sometimes take precedence over policy." He knows that after years of having a drum major as Prime Minister, Canadians want someone back with the trombones. In that sense, the Prime Minister's passivity has been deliberate. According to the chief Tory strategist Pat Kinsella, for example, the "magic" that helped sell Mulroney was the change in his slogan from the demanding "together we can do better" to the more emotive "together we can be better." →

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All Mulroney wanted to do was "identify" with Canadians, and that he could do very well. "I started off as a truck driver on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River," he said over and over again, comparing his own background with the blue blood of his opponent John Turner. "When I was driving a truck, John Turner was dancing with Princess Margaret. I can tell you—there are more truck drivers in Canada than ballroom dancers." And at that, men in baseball caps laughed out loud.

Furthermore, if Mulroney waffled on ideological issues, he spoke with conviction on the broader social themes of the middle class. "We are committed to the genius of the private sector, the small and medium businessman, the farmer and the fisherman, the people who make the sacrifices to make this country go." In the speech to a hometown audience in Baie Comeau that is considered his finest, Mulroney spoke with passion of his Canada: "It's a great country where the son of an electrician can seek the highest office in the land." By the end, Mulroney's biographer recalls, "Something had happened in the room. Some people were fighting back tears and others didn't bother. He had explained to women in the room why they made baloney sandwiches for their husbands, and to the men why they carried lunch buckets, precisely so that their sons and daughters wouldn't have to."

It was a powerful vision, and one that Mulroney carried in a rusty station wagon to every Baie Comeau in the land. He knew he could mix a bit of blarney with the message, because that would only add to his "human" image as the small town boy made good. But he also knows the limitations of "leadership" that come from a purely social bond with Canadians, and he accepts his subsequent inability to move from empathy to inspiration. Mulroney is not a weak leader, but he knows his mandate will never let him be a strong one. The Mulroney appeal is at once astonishing and one-dimensional. As usual, Trudeau said it best when he summed up Mulroney as the man who "sent shivers of pleasure down the spines of matrons all the way from Oyster Pond to Mushabos." Canadians look to their new Prime Minister not with respect but affection, not as a father but as a son.

In both their formal visits to date, Mulroney and Reagan have been, in the prevailing metaphor among Canadian journalists, "like two Irishmen in a pub on payday."

The big gamble of the Mulroney administration is that this personal appeal can be parlayed into a long-term governing strategy, and that passivity and conciliation can be the cornerstones of a new and successful federalism. Rather than purge senior civil servants, who many thought had grown too fond of Liberal policies after a decade and a half under Trudeau, Mulroney has merely reshuffled them. It is a sign of his commitment to the system. Similarly, the themes of the Throne Speech (the Canadian equivalent of the Inaugural Address) were "reconciliation, renewal and economic growth—within a climate of social justice." While promising "hard but fair" measures to rein in a deficit that per capita is among the highest in the Western world, the government stressed that it would take "all care possible to ensure that social justice is not compromised." That meant that even while addressing the problem of overspending, the Tories promised new programs for what they called "economic equality for women": beefed-up daycare and spouses' allowance for widows. "We're looking for issues that broaden not divide," Tory adviser Bill Neville said, summing up an approach that effectively makes rollback of the Trudeau welfare policies out of the question.

Mulroney's thinking is that over the next four years Canada will not need strong leadership and that the Canadian system needs fine tuning but not an overhaul. It's as much a concession to reality as an admission of defeat. Even less than what he could do to the Canadian welfare system is what he would want to do. Canada is not, for example, a heavy spender on social programs, ranking fifth out of the seven richest countries in the world in that higher than the United States (30.0 percent).

The wide array of benefits Canadians receive relative, say, to the U.S. is the result of efficient use of the welfare dollar. Geoff Norquay, director of policy development for the Mulroney government, recalls a trip he took to California in the early seventies to view then-Governor Reagan's so-called revolutionary welfare reforms. "I came back with two conclusions," Norquay told me. "First, that if there was ever a system in need of reform it was that one; and second, that we in Canada are light-years ahead of the U.S. in terms of the efficiency, the practicality and the cost-effectiveness of our social programs."

The Mulroney approach has been to focus on the revenue side and on an economy that has lagged far behind the American recovery. Given that two-thirds of the Canadian deficit is the direct result of economic underperformance, and that structural overspending in Canada is only in the manageable range of $7-10 (Cdn.) billion a year, this seems a more promising strategy than an austerity program.

To be sure, Mulroney is hurt by the fact that tax cuts—which might be a very good idea—are beyond the realm of Canadian political discourse. (By last count, 79 percent of Canadians were in favor of higher taxes for the rich—a figure that undoubtedly includes some of the rich themselves. You figure it out.) But this is not the most important consideration, and neither is the admittedly spectacular job Mulroney has done of re-attracting badly needed foreign investment. The key element in the Mulroney program has been psychological—the direct result, ironically, of the very passivity that has hampered him in so many other areas.

Given a system so effective as Canada's, inertia and inefficiency are not necessarily the dominant features of Canadian bureaucracy: Vitality is. The public sector has tended to dominate its private counterpart, to suffocate it, to alter the delicate balance that gives an economy life. It is instructive that almost 70 percent of Canadians feel that their representatives at all levels significantly affect their quality of life. That's too high; that's too much faith in the collective and too little in the individual. "The private sector has not overwhelmed the Canadian population with the terms of its analytical discussion," Charley MacMillan explains. Given what he cannot and will not do to the size and scope of Canada's government, Mulroney's retreat from strong leadership may be the only way to draw out private initiative. He will face the private sector, says MacMillan, and ask: "If I stop doing this, what will you do?"

This sort of self-abnegation seems like a strange thing to celebrate in a politician. So much of the reassurance of "leadership" these days comes from the assertion of government power, and the assumption of the powerful role of advocate. But Mulroney, if anything, has proved that it is possible to do one without the other, to unite without leading, to back away from the private sector without ever leaving center stage. The key is in his words, that never-ending stream of grandiloquence and nonsense. By saying nothing, but by saying it so well, Mulroney has turned the essence of political cynicism into a virtue. As he natters and pontificates, as he reaches out to every matron from Oyster Pond to Mushabos, as he sashays across the country, Mulroney gives Canadians the strength and the opportunity they need to turn their minds to other things and get on with the real business of running their country. □

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Dinesh D'Souza

A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

A nostalgic rap session with Allen Ginsberg, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, and Bobby Seale.

One day in the late 1960s Allen Ginsberg was reading his poetry at an antiwar rally. After one particularly incoherent effort, he was asked by an onlooker to "tell us the point." The point, Ginsberg said, was nakedness. "What do you mean, nakedness?" the woman asked. Ginsberg pulled his pants down. This was considered profound in those days.

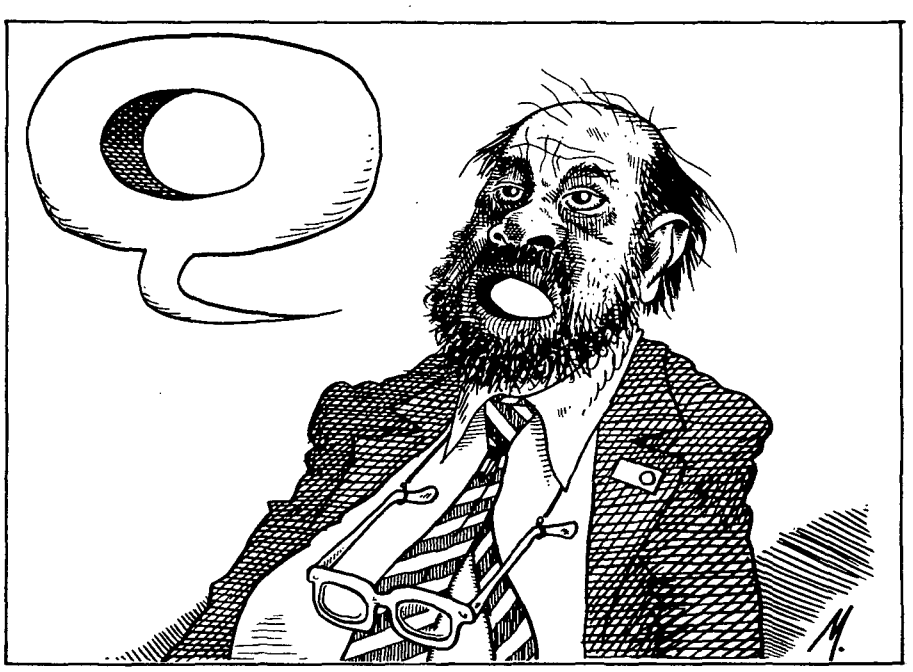
The sixties are coming back again, in funny ways. Hardly anyone outside of the *Nation* defends the counterculture nowadays, though it is frequently invoked by the media at large to sneer at the mood of the present—all that talk about the greed and hedonism of today's youth in contrast to the selfless humanism of the previous two decades. Yet recently it has occurred to our media pundits that this talk has gone too far, and they point to the South Africa demonstrations as evidence that compassion isn't dead, after all. The only thing missing now is an appropriate collection of role models for our new generation of idealists, and who better than those erstwhile radicals of the 1960s? *The American Spectator* asked me to recommend some candidates, and I suggested a few of my favorites: Allen Ginsberg, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, and Bobby Seale, names once uttered softly, with delicious iconoclasm. These fellows were once touted as part of the smartest generation in history, far ahead of their time, snapping the bourgeois culture out of its complacency, putting their idealism to work for the common good. Where are these revolutionaries now? If this is a covetous decade, are they speaking out, Isaiah-style, against the decadence, or have they succumbed to it? In short, what do they have to say to youth today?

I ran into Ginsberg a couple of years ago, at a *National Review* party. He came to protest passages in Jeffrey Hart's new book about the 1950s. I don't know who was right about the historical minutiae, Hart or Ginsberg. I do know that there was energy in Ginsberg's poetry in the fifties, perverse energy perhaps, but it was there. *I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness/Starving hysterical naked/Dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn/looking for an angry fix.* But now Ginsberg looked emaciated. Hollowed eyes, wrinkles mapping his face, greying beard, concave chest. At least he isn't impotent, I thought; if so, he wouldn't have catamite Peter Orlovsky loitering around him.

Ginsberg sought me out to fight about an article I'd written criticizing federal grants to pornographic poets, including Orlovsky, celebrated author of "America Gives a Shit" and "Clean Asshole Poems and Smiling Vegetable Songs." Ginsberg argued that Orlovsky deserved his $10,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, that his work was much misunderstood, it took up where Blake and William Carlos Williams left off, it was about how people in hyperindustrialized countries wipe their bottoms with paper, while Africans use water, which is more sanitary. "Peter is asking people to be more aware of their bodies," Ginsberg explained.

"How transparent the man has become," Joseph Sobran whispered to me. Ginsberg had hitched up with the people who hand out taxpayer money to poets, and his friends were clearing several thousand dollars a year. Here was the Beat iconoclast, the anti-establishmentarian, critic of the soulless Moloch, in cahoots with his oppressors, financially dependent on the federal government! "Credit him with running a fine racket," Sobran suggested, "but does he think he's fooling anyone?" Ginsberg had stopped defending Orlovsky by now; he was urging guests to purchase, by direct mail, his new album, which contained Oriental chants and Yogic exercises.

Ginsberg has come a long way from those palmy days when he published "Howl" and "Kaddish," battled the censors in court, drew gasps from the media for flaunting his homosexuality, and otherwise inflamed the pieties of the period. In the 1960s Ginsberg became a guru of the New Left, whose adolescent revolutionaries regarded him as a Muse of sorts, a left-wing Dante, and their link with the previous decade. The media saw Ginsberg as an elder statesman giving cultural depth to the political protest of the period.



But how many students have heard of Allen Ginsberg today? I asked around Princeton. The most common response was, "Isn't he the Soviet dissident?" Time has passed Ginsberg by. Now when he froths about the Reagan Administration's covert war in Nicaragua he's lucky to get a paragraph in the *Boulder Gazette*, his hometown paper. Ginsberg teaches poetry several months out of a year at the Naropa Institute, a cult organization founded by the Buddhist guru Chogyam Trungpa.

A friend of mine recently attended one of the Naropa poetry sessions. She found Ginsberg curiously withdrawn, both personally and poetically. He lives a spartan lifestyle, eating low calorie vegetarian foods. He meditates long hours each day, and sometimes disappears from the Naropa facility altogether. My friend found his lectures interesting but curiously lethargic; Ginsberg has the sense that "his time has come," she speculated.

When Naropa is not in session, Ginsberg travels around the country, looking for disciples to inspire and impress. This is becoming increasingly difficult, and Ginsberg must penetrate the densest woods in Vermont to find leftover radicals. He did find kinship when he went back to Berkeley last fall to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the Free Speech movement. There again were the frayed jeans, the ankle-length Indian print skirts, the babies in backpacks, the bangled bare feet, the checkered bandanas, the gypsy shawls—except they were attached to men and women who looked lost, moth-eaten, almost spectral. These were the ghosts of the radical past, still mumbling some of the old slogans, but without conviction:

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We shall not be, we shall not be moved.
We shall not be, we shall not be moved.
Just like a tree, standing by the water,
We shall not be moved.

Abbie Hoffman claims to have lost none of the old adrenalin, but he's heavier in middle age, and his paunch bounces when he jumps up and down condemning the CIA, American imperialism, or that damn actor in the White House. Hoffman's problem is that nobody finds him shocking and funny anymore. I recently attended one of his debates with Jerry Rubin at St. John's University in New York; Hoffman tried to get the audience going by using slangy expressions and pretending to trip all over the stage. But the 200 or so students didn't find this an iconoclastic statement about the limitations of language, or a bold assault on sterile social protocol. Instead, they looked at each other with raised eyebrows—what was with this guy? they wanted to know.

They came for unadulterated outrage, to hear "Kill your parents" and other Yippie slogans from the old days. But all Hoffman could provide was embittered irony. "I want to fight our plastic, designer brand culture," Hoffman began. He felt there was "more to life than money and throwing up on your sweatshirt every Saturday night." Today's students could learn from the activism of the 1960s, which was "unprecedented in the history of Western civilization." But how could you expect young people to embrace values like beauty, truth, love, and sharing when the very activists who stood for those were imbibing at the capitalist trough? Jerry Rubin, for instance. Hoffman was incredulous that the capitalist evil had infiltrated the very ranks of the 1960s radicals. He accused Rubin of being like Jeane Kirkpatrick, George Bush, and that unspeakable Reagan. "Scratch Jerry Rubin and you will find Ronald Reagan," Hoffman triumphantly ended his speech. He waited for shrieks of dismay from the students. When none came, he accused them of prejudice against liberals, blacks, and women; he recalled that some civil rights activists were beaten up at St. John's during the 1960s.

Afterwards, Hoffman and I had a talk. He seemed disconsolate. He resented Rubin for being a capitalist swine, yet his main gripe was about not having enough money. Publishers wouldn't offer him an adequate advance for a book he wanted to write about community organizing, Hoffman said. A few grand for a book that had taken him two years? He found this appalling—but typical. "The economic opportunities on the left are nowhere near what they are on the right. If you're a Viguerie or a Terry Dolan, it's easy to go from being an activist to working in a major corporation. But we leftists have to work creatively just to survive in a middle-class lifestyle."

How many students have heard of Allen Ginsberg today? I asked around Princeton. The most common response was, "Isn't he the Soviet dissident?"

Hence, the debates, "Yippie versus Yuppie," which Hoffman and Rubin do twenty times a year or so, at a fee of around $5,000 per appearance, according to Bill Stanky of the Greater Talent Network. I asked Hoffman why he had to rely on this sort of a traveling circus for income; why hadn't he written the books of scathing social commentary that we were told to expect from the prescient radical leaders of the sixties? "Neither Jerry nor I were intellectuals," he confessed grumpily. "We're an American phenomenon. We don't write books in the European tradition. Our books come out of our experience. So don't ask me what I write, ask me what I do." Yet Hoffman insisted that an early work of his, *Steal This Book*, was as incisive a comment on the 1960s and 1970s as we were likely to see. (The irony is that Hoffman was accused of stealing that book himself. Some hippie went to court alleging that Hoffman had compiled *Steal This Book* from notes he had foolishly placed in Hoffman's trust. Chagrined, Hoffman settled out of court.)

Hoffman has spent most of the last decade trying to stay out of court. After his involvement with the antiwar and civil rights movements, he tried to make a career as a drug dealer, until his 1973 arrest for selling $36,000 worth of cocaine. He said he was framed—a *petit bourgeois* response to a *petit bourgeois* crime. In one interview Hoffman even confessed to a fear of anal rape in prison, showing perhaps that he had failed to achieve true sexual liberation in the sixties. He went underground in 1973, and after posing as a teacher for a few years in Mexico and Central America, he returned under an alias to the U.S. and involved himself in environmental action in upstate New York. In 1980 he revealed his identity and was imprisoned for a year on reduced charges.

I asked Hoffman whether he felt like a cultural relic these days. Nonsense, he said, he was still a monumental force on the national scene. Hoffman explained that his work to prevent nuclear materials from being shipped through the St. Lawrence River region was an important "first step" toward raising the national consciousness about this burning issue. Plus he was taking on the Reagan Administration's policy in Central America. For a "reasonable fee," Hoffman leads tours to Nicaragua for students to see the future that works. He took 70 kids to Managua last summer; this fall he's aiming for 150. During his trips to Central America, Hoffman told me, he's run into many a Latino Aristotle, the product of the Sandinista literacy program. "Kids of 12 and 13 were discussing the American elections with the sophistication of adults in this country. Maybe it is because this country isn't Nicaragua that we have functional illiterates."

But Hoffman admitted he isn't hopeful about opposition to Reagan's Central America policy galvanizing the American campus. Why not, I asked, wasn't Central America "another Vietnam"? Besides, it should be easier to mobilize student opposition—the evil is so close to our back door! Yeah, Hoffman sighed. But the activists had screwed up so often in the last twenty years; they had failed to rally the nation behind efforts to ban nuclear energy in the aftermath of Three Mile Island, to nationalize the oil companies during the OPEC embargo, to conserve the ozone layer, to save assorted insects from extermination, and most recently to disarm U.S. defenses in Europe. But it wasn't just the activists to blame—it was students in general. "Stupid isn't the right word," he said. "The students have the high IQs. But they are pretty unaware of what is going on in the world." All this often gets Hoffman down, he admitted, so he sees a psychiatrist from time to time to calm his nerves.

He lives in New York City with a 44-year-old woman, Joanna Lawrenson. She is president of an activist group called Save the River. Asked whether he was faithful to her, and whether he still believes in free sex, Hoffman said, "We're both pretty monogamous. We don't do group things." He joked that the Yippies had "invented sex in 1961," but confessed that AIDS and herpes were threatening to disinvent it. Hoffman said he didn't take drugs anymore "because they contribute to exaggerated mood swings," which were not suited to his middle age; besides, "they cost too much." Hoffman even serves on the board of directors of a drug rehabilitation center in New York.

He has three sons, an artist in Cambridge, a senior at Hampshire College in Massachusetts, and a 13-year-old in a high school whose name he doesn't know. He doesn't see the kids much, but proudly notes that "they haven't rebelled against my political views." He does socialize with his former activist colleagues Bobby Seale and David Dellinger now and then—but he refuses to see Rubin socially, that apostate.

The sick thing about Rubin, say most of his Chicago Seven pals, is that he's making so much money. Rubin has become "an Amway salesman" for the Yuppie generation, says Hoffman. Worse, Rubin won't admit he's sold out. He still claims to hold the values he did in the 1960s. Rubin is a broker on Wall Street, who holds "networking salons" at Studio 54 for entrepreneurs to make business contacts. He sells gourmet health food products, and has just started something he calls the Business 500 Club. "I'm trading on my anti-capitalist turns capitalist myth," Rubin says frankly.

Rubin seems to be a charlatan who knows it. He aspires to Yuppie caricature during his debates, sipping from a Perrier bottle and talking about VCRs, Saabs, rare pastas, and computer-dating. He is obsessed with himself and describes past experiences as a kind of Homeric odyssey. "In five years I directly experienced est, Gestalt therapy, bioenergetics, massage, jogging, health foods, tai chi, Esalen, hypnotism, modern dance, meditation, Silva Mind Control, Arica, acupuncture, sex therapy, Reichian therapy, and More House." He's come to the conclusion that "political activism without self-awareness perpetuates cycles of anger, competition, and ego battles."

That is why young people should

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work "within the system" to make money—and then "use the system" to promote the values they assimilated in the 1960s. "We're making the transition from negative-sounding Yippies to positive-sounding Yuppies," Rubin declared. This was beginning to bore the students at St. John's, so Rubin switched gears. "I love America," he shouted, banging his fist on the podium, waiting for the gasps of astonishment. Nothing. A look of irritation came across his face. He tried again, using a tidbit from his Yippie days. On the eve of his first prank "I was scared that people would think I was an asshole." The audience tittered, so Rubin did ten minutes on assholes, working in the word every two sentences. Eventually the audience got bored with Rubin, Rubin got bored with himself, and the moderator stepped in.

I've never attended Rubin's entrepreneurial salons, but the *New Yorker* did, and found preppies buying insurance from one another. Allen Ginsberg was invited to speak at one session, for old times' sake, but nobody had heard of the guy—and what the hell was he talking about when people were trying to do business! There seems a good deal to Hoffman's charge that Rubin talks about left-wing activism but his business interests keep him from all but the most respectable social causes. Rubin told me he's given money to UNICEF, but he hasn't marched in a nuclear freeze rally for four or five years; he's never attended a Central America march or signed a petition; and as for gay rights demonstrations—was I kidding?

Rubin has been married ten years or so; he and his wife Mimi live in New York, quite ascetically by all indications. "We're into health food, and jogging," Rubin says. "No drugs, no alcohol, no sugar, no meat." No kids either, but a "possibility for the future." I accused Rubin of living a bourgeois Judeo-Christian lifestyle. He wasn't religious, he said, but "I'm in favor of marriage and I'm in favor of family."

It's hard to believe that Rubin is serious about the absurd and hyperbolic statements he makes to reporters and in public. Does he really think that the baby boom generation, his generation, "will cure cancer and the disease of aging" in the near future? Or that "the U.S. will have a Yuppie president by 1988, and that's a guarantee"? Or that "when our generation takes charge, we'll know how to make everything work"? Rubin assured me that Yuppies were attempting "a major transformation" of American culture. What major transformation? Long silence. Well, Rubin suggested, they were "humanizing America." How? "In every way." If you look closely at this fellow you see a faint glint in his eye, which suggests that he's been playing all along, playing perhaps even as a Yippie in the 1960s—now he sees that the game has changed and he's trying to learn the new rules and the new vocabulary. Simply shouting "Fuck you" isn't enough to get you in the *Times* these days.

Speaking of the media, why wasn't Rubin covered more by them? What did I mean, he wanted to know. I replied, why wasn't he being featured on CBS News and "Nightline" to comment on current issues such as the arms control talks in Geneva? Why wasn't he on the Sunday morning shows offering trenchant political commentary? This really irritated him. "I'm ready to go on 'Nightline,' " he said defiantly. He gave no reasons for why Koppel was uncooperative; "Why don't you ask him?" Perhaps undiplomatically, I suggested that if the media were fickle and vacuous in failing to recognize Rubin's greatness and relevance today, perhaps they were equally fickle and vacuous in recognizing him as a hero in the 1960s. Rubin changed the topic. I got the impression he suddenly felt used.

Bobby Seale doesn't just feel used—he feels downright screwed. By everybody, the white man in particular. Yet Seale too has come far from his Black Panther days. In 1972, he turned the Panthers into a para-welfare organization—a strategic shift from mau-mauing the flak catchers to becoming one of them. In 1973 Seale unsuccessfully ran for mayor of Oakland. His 1978 biography, *A Lonely Rage*, had a very lonely readership. It was beginning to occur to Seale—hey, what's going on? This is Bobby Seale talking! Where are the cameras? In 1981 Seale founded Advocates Scene, an organization intended "to combat all the things Ronald Reagan wants to do." But that didn't go anywhere either, and Seale was getting desperate. When I called him recently I asked him how he planned to return to the spotlight.

He told me he was attending Temple University "to get my master's degree in political science." I asked him when he got his bachelor's degree. "Oh, I still have to get that," he said. But he had a 3.2 grade average, not bad, and he was focusing his studies on "the public sector, leaning toward economics." Without provocation Seale went into a tirade about "the need to evolve a new economic practice in this country," one that "directs the poor and middle class into the production of goods in America." Right now, Seale said, "our system is not geared for utilizing the economic factors in their optimum capacity."

The incredible concept he was working on, he explained, was "economically based communities" which would "sustain a framework" for maintaining private enterprise jobs. And when private corporations failed, as was inevitable "because they are exploitative," then these communities would take them over and run them democratically, sharing work-hours, responsibilities, and profits. What a great idea, but nobody was interested, Seale said angrily. He went into an orgy of clichés. "This is not the 1960s, man. Things have changed. We're dealing with a highly complex, inter-connected world. There are no easy answers, man. In the face of potential nuclear holocaust, we're dealing with the need for economic and political frameworks that make a lot of sense, you see what I'm saying?"

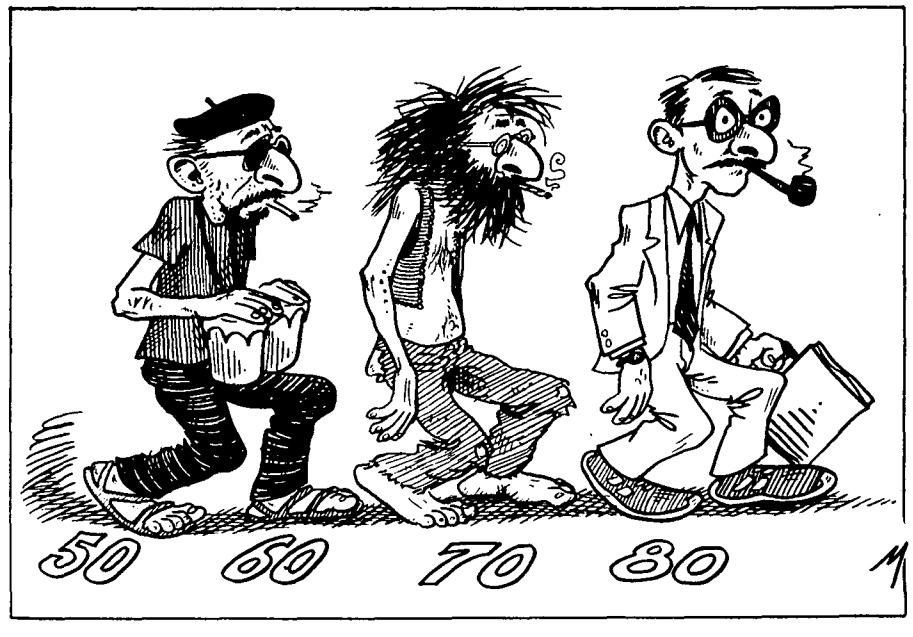
Seale doesn't either, really. But while he works out the details, he wants to make money—a great deal of money. That's why he is spending so much time writing his cookbook, *Barbecuing With Bobby*, which he hopes to turn into a video cookbook guide as well. If Jane Fonda could do it . . . only problem: He's been to eight publishers, and nobody wants to give him the $25,000 advance he insists upon. They would prefer him to write about his life in the Panthers, Seale told me. But Seale was hooked on the cookbook scheme. "You're dealing with a multi-million dollar idea," he said, and besides, "the Donahue show is just waiting on me for this book." So what's the problem? "I just think the capitalist system is trying to get me cheap as hell." But Seale isn't giving in. He knows he's on to something—"over 130 original recipes, 40 of them sugarless"—so he's going to publish his book himself and rake it in.

The emphasis on money is justified, Seale says, because "it's a contradiction to try and organize within a capitalist society without having capital." And like Rubin, Seale says he hasn't lost his social conscience—unlike Rubin, he seems candid. The guy really wants to raise $50 million to start a nonprofit foundation that would wrest power from American institutions and turn it over to communities, but he can't believe even greedy capitalists are so damn stupid they don't see the profit potential of his schemes.

Seale only makes $15,000-$25,000 per year, all of it on lectures. He's irked that he only gets $2,000 on average per speech, while Hoffman and Rubin make twice that. Yep, it's the white establishment at fault. And Seale's racial rants are reinforced by his wife Romaine, former communications secretary of the Panthers. She bore him three children and he was faithful to her, Seale told me, "except a couple of times when we split up for four and five months at a time." Seale never was into the gay rights thing, he said. "I'm basically a heterosexual—I'm into warm, juicy vaginal love."

What does Seale think about the resurgent conservatism on the campus? Does he still believe in "power to the students"? Naw, he says, "the youth are fooled by superficiality. They think their security comes from an isolated individualism. But that kind of attitude breeds violent revolution." Seale stressed this was something he didn't want to see happen. Today's youth should try and be less anti-people—and more pro-people, like him. "I need to feel that real people matter."

For all his troubles, Seale is hopeful about the future. "We're not far enough away from the 1960s," he said. "When we get a good distance away from those times, in the latter part of the 1980s, say, I might make a comeback." In preparation, he's started doing Olympic weights "to work off my pot belly" and he's eating right. Suddenly it occurs to him. "You know something? Maybe I'll run for the City Council seat in Philadelphia in 1986." Yes, this strikes him as a great idea. He promises to give it some more thought. □



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John P. Sisk

TROUBLE AND TRAVEL

Fighting those summer urges.

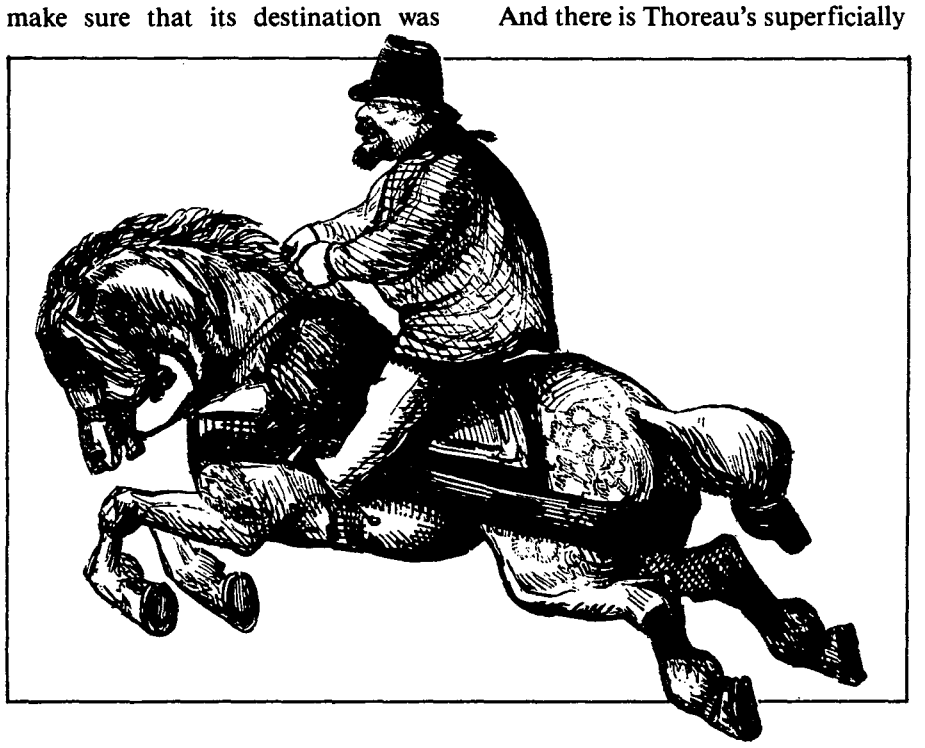
It is common knowledge that certain vocal minorities in Europe would prefer that Americans go home and stay home. For such people the future looks bleak indeed. In 1984 they had to find a way to live with five and a half million American invaders, a figure that is expected to increase in 1985 since the British pound, French franc, West German mark, and Italian lira continue to lose ground against the American dollar. The likely thing, of course, is that most of these millions will think of themselves as well-disposed visitors, not invaders: What foreigner with something to sell or rent could be anything but ecstatically happy at the prospect of more American dollars? The likely thing too is that most of the visitor-invaders will set out with the golden expectations that the travel industry encourages, paying no more attention to *Time*'s timely warning that all travel in foreign countries "is a matter of cumulative exposure to the unknown and unpredictable" than picnic-bound children do to parental reminders about the threat of bumble bee stings and poison ivy.

Nevertheless, all travel, including the elaborately planned and technologically controlled travel of astronauts, can be defined as a movement between a familiar and a less familiar place in the process of which things normally go wrong. Though most of us know this as a fact of past experience, we keep anticipating the trouble-free trip, probably for the same reason we keep buying tickets in state lotteries or drinking martinis before dinner: The alternative is unthinkable. So we change travel agencies, update our check lists in the light of past oversights, consult the stars before setting departure dates, increase our portfolio of credit cards, avoid unreliable airlines and flights that are destined to deposit us after dark in strange airports, commit our Michelins to memory, take crash courses in French, German, Italian, or Spanish. Even so, as my wife and I discovered long ago, things keep going wrong.

Those traveler-invaders who find intolerable the contretemps that are to be expected in any passage from a familiar to an unfamiliar place may be happy to learn that there are systems that reduce, if not entirely eliminate, the number of things that can go wrong. In his excellent book *Life in the English Country House,* Mark Girouard describes the system of the medieval traveling household. As they moved from castle to castle, the Lord and his Lady simply took their home environment with them—not only their scores, even hundreds of retainers, but "plate, jewels, tapestries, table-cloths, clothing, hangings, coffers, musical instruments, carpenter's tools, mass-books, mass-vessels, vestments, linen, pots and pans, cooking-pits, and beds by the dozen." Like Ringling Brothers on the move, such a traveling household even had its advance agents whose job it was to make sure that its destination was ready to receive it and that nothing would go wrong when it arrived.

Then there is the method demonstrated by Des Esseintes, the decadent central figure of J.K. Huysmans's late nineteenth century French novel, *Against the Grain.* Suddenly possessed by a desire to go to England, he has himself and his luggage transported to the neighborhood of a Paris railroad station with sufficient time to visit a bistro and a restaurant, in both of which the presence of Englishspeaking people evokes sensations of London he has acquired from the novels of Dickens. Aware then that in the actual journey he will only "lose those imperishable sensations" as reality fails once more to measure up to anticipation, he does not board the train for Dieppe but returns with his luggage to his home in Fortenay, "feeling the physical stimulation and the moral fatigue of a man coming back to his home after a long and dangerous voyage." This may be an extreme of sentimentalism, but insofar as travel is a state of mind (and it is at least that) here is a foolproof way to keep things from going wrong.

And there is Thoreau's superficially similar system. In an age when his contemporaries were going off in all directions, Thoreau, one of whose overriding concerns was to keep himself from being invaded, was able to say with some complacency: "I have travelled a good deal in Concord." He had indeed. In *Thoreau As World Traveler* it takes John Aldrich Christie twenty pages to list the travel literature that Thoreau read with obviously fascinated attention and referred to in his *Journal* and other writings. Despite the fact that "by want of pecuniary wealth, I have been nailed down to this my native region so long and so steadily," he came to know North America, Asia, and Africa in great detail while avoiding the inconveniences that even the most fortunate travelers must expect. For this kind of traveler the worst thing that can go wrong is not to be able to get the book you want when you want it.



There are reasons to believe that Thoreau would have been an unhappy traveler even if he had not wanted pecuniary wealth. Unlike his traveling friends, Emerson and Hawthorne, he did not like cities. "Who can see these cities and say there is any life in them?" he wrote while visiting New York. Things went wrong for him in cities. Besides, for a traveler he had a disastrous attachment to freedom: "I must not lose any of my freedom by being a farmer and landholder. Most who enter on any profession are doomed men," he wrote in his *Journal.* Imagine him, like Emerson on *his* first trip abroad, cramped into a small cabin with four seasick strangers for six storm-tossed weeks followed by two weeks of quarantine in the harbor at Malta. For that matter, imagine a man of "such dangerous frankness," as Emerson said of him, confined for eight or ten hours in a 747, or stalled for ten minutes between stations in a London underground train. Such a

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man had better do his traveling in Concord.

But at least Thoreau was by temperament kept from making the mistake so many travelers make when they assume that "travel" and "freedom" are synonyms. A familiar ad for a seven-day Caribbean cruise exploits this assumption: In a world of bougainvillea blossoms, tropical drinks, and sugar-white beaches you will feel "Gloriously, unselfconsciously free." By implication those who are free travel, those who aren't stay home—except that the reverse is sometimes just as true. It is probably better for the traveler not to anticipate states of liberation so that when they happen they can be appreciated, like unanticipated favorable changes in currency exchange. The sober fact is that once you have made hotel reservations, bought airline tickets and the necessary new clothes, farmed out the dog, arranged to have the mail collected and the premises looked after, you are no longer free to stay home.

Paul Fussell in "The Stationary Tourist" (*Harper's,* April 1979) makes a useful distinction between exploration (the Renaissance), travel (the bourgeois age), and tourism (the proletarian present). In this progression things are less likely to go wrong as you approach the tourist present. But this is purely academic information to a tourist confined, as we once were, to a couchette with five other people in an Italian railroad car without water and flushable toilets. Such a person will take little comfort from the thought that things must often have been worse for Darwin on the *Beagle,* or that the most miserable Italian train offers a king's luxury compared with the primitive transportation available to Goethe in his late eighteenth century tour of Italy.

Speaking relatively, then, probably more things go wrong for tourists than for explorers or travelers, in spite of the assistance of travel bureaus, tour guides, the sophistications of communication and transportation, and the general availability of basic creature comforts. If in September of 1519 you had set out with Magellan in search of a westward route to the Spice Islands, you would have expected to rough it. If in early 1833 you had traveled with Emerson from Malta to London, you probably would not have been demoralized by a twenty-four-hour storm-tossed crossing of the English Channel. But now when all factors involved (including one's own pampered utopian impulses) combine to induce expectations of comfortable trouble-free touring, an air controllers' strike at Heathrow or a missed connection at O'Hare can be psychologically as devastating as the mutiny Magellan had to contend with at Port San Julian.

Indeed, the modern expectation of liberated trouble-free travel has such a built-in potential for frustration that tourism for many people is the repeated experience of the great theme of literary modernism: the discovery of illusion. This means that the would-be tourist had better learn to read the travel sections of the popular magazines and Sunday papers with an ironic eye, otherwise he is likely to believe that a sortie over Spain in a hot air balloon or a photographic safari in the wilds of Botswana will be as safe and comfortable as a jog in the park. Such expectations prepare for the disillusionment that led Mark Twain to write in his notebook after seeing the Taj Mahal: "God will be a disappointment to most of us." And of all things that go wrong when one travels, disillusionment is one of the most painful.

By implication those who are free travel, those who aren't stay home—except that the reverse is sometimes just as true.

Ironic travelers have usually learned early not only that it is pointless to expect that nothing will go wrong but that things must go wrong if travel is to be interesting. The good trip is the one that makes a good story, and good stories depend on the right kind of troubles, which make possible memorable reversals of expectation and serendipitous events. This is as true of "Love Boat" as of *Gulliver's Travels.* If Darwin's five-year tour on the *Beagle* had turned out to be the story he expected, the tour would have been long ago forgotten. But if ironic travelers know that what they go for is often less than or different from what they come home with, they also know that what they get when things go wrong is not necessarily any better than what they might have gotten if everything had gone according to plan. What goes wrong eliminates, for better or worse, one possible future while it actualizes another.

Fussell speaks of those anti-tourists who attempt to prove themselves travelers, or even explorers, by making a point of keeping off the beaten track and avoiding standard points of interest. For them St. Peter's, the Eiffel Tower, Disneyland, Westminster Abbey, the Grand Canyon, the Berlin Wall, Ponte Vecchio, and the Great Pyramid at Gizeh are places not to see, or to be carefully censored out of one's conversation afterwards if they cannot be avoided. Anti-tourists wouldn't be caught dead in a tour group unless, perhaps, it was headed for penguin-watching at the Antarctic ice barrier or whale-watching in the Sea of Cortes. Unfortunately, the very nature of such off-beat excursions makes them over-protective and therefore reduces the margin for adventure and reminiscence. Besides, anti-tourists may be making the same tactical mistake that the philosopher of science Thomas S. Kuhn believes many aspiring scientists make, when in their passion for the dramatic innovations that bring Nobel prizes they forget that the important innovators now "work within a well-defined and deeply ingrained tradition." Transpose this paradox into travel language and it suggests that there may be a better chance for things to go interestingly and memorably wrong if one stays on the beaten paths.

Tourists, travelers, and explorers have one thing in common: direction. No matter how much goes wrong or what changes of itinerary become necessary, all three expect to return to the point from which they started. Thus their peregrinations have what Aristotle expected to see in good drama: a beginning, a middle, and an end. But there is another category of traveler (if I may return to the more familiar sense of the term) and this is the wanderer. The classic wanderer is Ulysses, not the hero of Homer's epic but the figure we meet in Canto 26 of Dante's *Inferno* and later in Tennyson's dramatic monologue *Ulysses.* This latter Ulysses, like many war veterans, has found home a bore and determines to set out with congenial companions "To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths/ Of all the western stars, until I die." He probably would agree with T.S. Eliot's remark in "East Coker" that "Old men ought to be explorers," but he is not really an explorer. An explorer aims to return to the human community with useful information, and this is not what Ulysses has in mind. If he has any use for us it is thanks to the poet who enshrines him as a model of geriatric derring-do. He needs no itinerary, no travel agent, no reservations; everything he owns, we must assume, will go under the seat in front of him. Nothing can go wrong since all eventualities are equally acceptable—short of that unlikely one that would redirect him back home to his aged Penelope.

Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, too, is a wanderer, and so are Byron, Shelley, D.H. Lawrence, Hemingway, and F. Scott Fitzgerald. There is something about romantic personalities, creatures of process and becoming as they are, that inclines them to keep on going once they leave their point of origin. We have seen bedraggled late twentieth century versions of them everywhere in Europe: strumming their guitars for small change in the Paris metro tunnels or spaced out on the Ponte Vecchio in Florence or on the Spanish Steps in Rome. They have to be distinguished, no doubt, from the youngsters who are simply taking an inexpensive Grand Tour, but most of them, we suspected, were the lost children of the world who neither had nor any longer wanted direction, for whom things had gone wrong for so long that living with wrongness had become a way of life.

Thoreau the stationary world traveler had it right when he wrote in his *Journal*: "Only that travelling is good which reveals to me the value of home and enables me to enjoy it better." Travel doesn't so much free us from home as make us freer at home. "Travelling is a fool's paradise," Emerson wrote in "Self-Reliance," but in order to know this he had to travel widely and with considerable gusto, as he would continue to do after he wrote it, travel being for him, as for most of us, an act of self-definition. Whether we explore, travel, or tour, we submit ourselves to the vicissitudes of the world in order to define home in more expansive terms, just as we submit ourselves to wilderness in order to define civilization in more expansive terms. But if we stay home out of fear that things will go wrong, home becomes increasingly more confining. And this means that things have gone very wrong indeed. □

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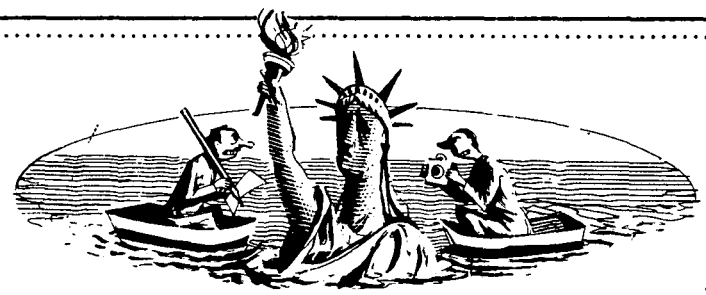

CZARISTS AND PINK LEATHER BOOTS

by John O'Sullivan

If there is one subject which journalists ought to cover with easy accuracy, it is a media dispute. The terrain is familiar and the natives approachable. They speak a pidgin English derived from the AP stylebook. And, of course, they all have the tribal desire to see their names in the papers.

Nonetheless, despite all these advantages, reporters have been slow to uncover the dreadful truth about anti-Semitism in Radio Liberty's broadcasts to the Soviet Union—namely, that there is less to this than meets the eye.

Earlier this year, there was a flurry of reports about a group of white Russian officers secretly broadcasting anti-Semitic Czarist propaganda to the Soviet Union at the expense of the U.S. taxpayer. How did the rumors begin? The truth is that such rumors are endemic in émigré activities. Emigré politics are by nature conspiratorial, exaggerated, labyrinthine, and sustained by rumor. And of the 1,700 people working at the Munich-based, U.S.-financed Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe stations, most are émigrés from the Soviet Union or Eastern Europe. So, in any dispute, it is the work of a moment for one party to denounce the other as a KGB plant, or a Nazi collaborator, or a Czarist anti-Semite. The exact nature of the slander would depend on whether his opponent had fled to the West from Lenin, Stalin, or Brezhnev. A tiny percentage of the radios' employees could supply the rumor-mills indefinitely. And since they hail from a particularly turbulent and bloody part of the world, the rumor might sometimes be true.

In this overheated atmosphere, it is hardly surprising that allegations of anti-Semitism are sometimes heard. But the careful reader should note, in view of what follows, that they long pre-date the election of Ronald Reagan or the appointment of the present management of Radio Liberty, or the installation in January 1984 of the present Board for International Broadcasting, which supervises the two stations. As early as 1980, a report on Radio Liberty prepared for the pre-Reagan BIB, the Critchlow Report, cited 26 violations of policy in Radio Liberty's historical programs. It described several broadcasts as anti-democratic, anti-Western, anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic, anti-Polish, and anti-Nationalities—a list of bigotries so comprehensive as to be almost anti-discriminatory.

It should be said that these allegations struck some people involved as considerably exaggerated even then. Three Catholic members of the BIB examined the allegations of anti-Catholicism and couldn't see what all the fuss was about. No one is disposed to criticize Critchlow on that score, however. He is regarded as a scrupulous public servant whose brief it is to warn the BIB as soon as possible about any violations and to base such warnings on the strictest criteria.

So, armed with the Critchlow and other reports, the Reagan-appointed BIB accepted last year that it might have a problem on its hands. One of the new appointees, Michael Novak, the distinguished theologian, testified before Congress earlier this year on how the new board had tackled these allegations. Having discovered that 90 percent of the complaints concerned that 1.5 percent of programming put out by the Russian and Ukrainian historical and cultural sections of Radio Liberty, it took two important steps. A conference of Russian historians—including such notables as Harvard's Adam Ulam—was asked to lay down guidelines for historical programs. And James Billington of the Wilson Center and Max Kampelman, now chief U.S. negotiator at Geneva, were asked to investigate the allegations of anti-Semitic and anti-democratic programs. Both made criticisms. But the general charges were rejected. The historians, for instance, concluded: "Having read a number of scripts, we think that Radio Liberty's historical programming is, in general, factual, reliable and interesting."

The key point, however, is that these attempts to discover and, if necessary, to halt any anti-Semitic programming were completed before the end of 1984. In 1985 the attacks on Radio Liberty started in earnest.

On January 21 (in its issue dated February 4), the *New Republic* ran an editorial entitled "Taking Radio Liberties." Its allegations were startling. The previous August, Radio Liberty had broadcast a literary analysis of Solzhenitsyn's *August 1914* in which the commentator had depicted the Jews as an alien race bent upon destroying Mother Russia and the Slavic race. The program had even quoted a passage from the notorious anti-Semitic forgery, the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion,* in which the Jews were compared to a "serpent" devouring other nations.

Worse was to follow—or, since the second program complained of had been broadcast in December 1982—worse was to precede. The radio had broadcast a speech by Solzhenitsyn in which he had called Western democracy "democracy bordering on chaos, on state treason, on . . ."—but you get the general drift.

How had these things occurred? According to the *New Republic,* Radio Liberty had fallen under the sway of dumb Reaganites who couldn't tell a virtuous liberal anti-Communist from a wicked Czarist one. They had installed an émigré journalist, George Bailey (a friend of Solzhenitsyn, I'm sorry to reveal), as RL's director. And he in turn had brought in panslavic anti-Semites who were denouncing Jews, cosmopolites, and assorted democrats to their hearts' content.

The careful reader—a fictional character I'm fond of—might note that Solzhenitsyn's Harvard address, containing fierce criticism of Western democracy, had been covered generously by CBS, NBC, and ABC. Are they all run by Czarists? Warned by that, he would not have been surprised at the devastating reply to the *New Republic*'s editorial that was fired off by the BIB's Frank Shakespeare and Ben Wattenberg the next week.

They pointed out, inter alia, that (a) the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* was quoted specifically as "a vile anti-Semitic forgery" and identified as such; (b) that the other "anti-Semitic" passages had been a discussion of whether *August 1914* was anti-Semitic (the scriptwriter's conclusion was that

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it was not); (c) that the scriptwriter of that particular program was Jewish, as is the director of the Russian News Service at RL; (d) that the naive anti-Communist "Reaganites" running Radio Liberty included Lane Kirkland and James Michener; and (e) that George Bailey was not an émigré at all, but a distinguished American journalist.

New Republic replied weakly that Radio Liberty's own president, former Senator James Buckley, had himself complained about the *Protocols* program—which somewhat undercut its general theory about naive Reaganites not quite grasping what these Czarists were up to. Essentially, however, the magazine realized that it had exaggerated its case and retired hurt from the fray.

Others had been alerted, however, and they now weighed in. Lars-Erik Nelson ran several articles denouncing RL in the *New York Daily News.* Dmitri Simes inveighed against it in the *Christian Science Monitor.* On February 19, the bad news about Radio Liberty reached the *Memphis Commerical Appeal,* which warned that the station had fallen into the hands of extremist nationalist and virulently anti-Soviet émigrés "who risked discrediting the station." Even in Memphis, it seems, anti-Soviet émigrés are hideously unfashionable people to have around.

New allegations surfaced in the course of these articles. But most of them turned out, when carefully examined, to be either baseless or wildly exaggerated. For instance, Lars-Erik Nelson reported that Radio Liberty had given a "positive description" of the Ukrainian SS Division, Galicia, and quoted Simon Wiesenthal as his source. But the basis for this was that Wiesenthal had complained that the SS division had been referred to without an accompanying pejorative adjective. The station's reply was that the reference came in a quotation from a history of the period—and that Radio Liberty could scarcely crack open quotes and insert adjectives expressing its editorial opinion. It would be open to grave criticism if it did so.

There was one program which everyone is ready to admit should never have been broadcast. It was a Russian Orthodox Easter sermon, in which the traditional and now discredited view of the Jews as the enemies of Christ and Christianity was expressed. No one, as I say, defends the broadcast. But it caused an upheaval at Radio Liberty itself long before outside critics attacked it.

Against that one program and several other cases where the charge against Radio Liberty is that it ran programs which, while not actually anti-Semitic or anti-democratic, might be misunderstood as such and thus offend "sensitivities," consider the following points:

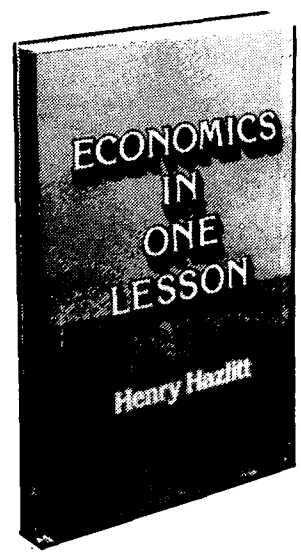
1. There has been a marked drop in the number of alleged violations of Radio Liberty's program guidelines. As against the Critchlow Report's score of 26 violations in three months of 1980, Michael Novak quoted before Congress a figure of 43 for the full year of 1984.

2. There is plain and undenied evidence of attempts by the BIB to improve the standards of Radio Liberty before outside critics attacked.

3. Nor should one ignore the presence in important positions on the radios of Jewish journalists like Edward Kuznetsov. Mr. Nelson in the *New York Daily News* disparaged this argument with the predictable sneer "Some of my best friends . . ." This shows that he does not altogether appreciate the significance of that famous excuse. The point is that it is an insincere remark—none of the speaker's best friends are Jews. If they were, that would be a perfectly reasonable defense against a charge of anti-Semitism. And since some of Radio Liberty's best

(continued on page 47)

BEGIN YOUR ADVENTURES IN LIBERTY



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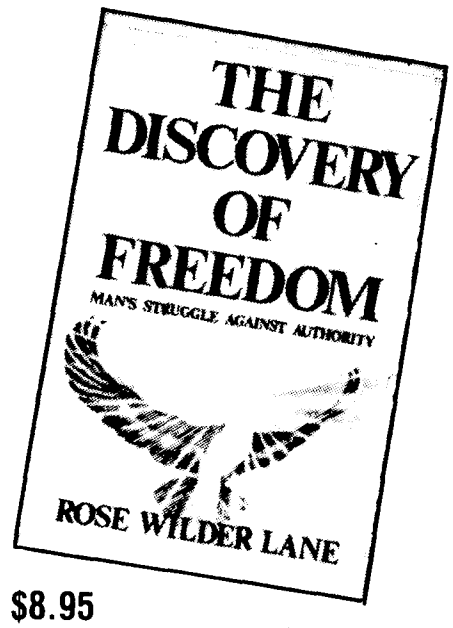

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STEALING IT FAIR AND SQUARE

by Kent Owen

There is no safety in numbers, or, for that matter, in anything else.
—James Thurber, a Hoosier's son

Out at the fairgrounds the tents have all come down, the midway is deserted. The sideshows have put away their gauds and gewgaws. The carnival has moved on to play the Capitol. Ah, but what a splendid circus it was while it lasted.

On April 18, Frank McCloskey, Democrat of Bloomington, once and future congressman, was declared the winner of the Eighth District of Indiana in the U.S. House of Representatives. His triumph was assured by four votes of the 233,500 cast on November 6, 1984. The vanquished Republican, Richard D. McIntyre of Bedford, had been given the Indiana certificate of election, but was denied his lawful seat by the Democrats of the House. On April 30, the Republicans moved that the seat be vacated and a special election called. But the motion failed 229-200, with 19 Democrats supporting the GOP position. On May 1, McCloskey was seated by a vote of 236-190, with 10 Democrats siding with the minority. That was the sum of the matter.

And so a hitherto obscure district shaped like a pregnant praying mantis—noted mainly for having elected five different U.S. representatives over the last 16 years—received clear title to Frank McCloskey. It appears, at least to *Newsweek*, that Speaker O'Neill had no idea who McCloskey was until the uproar, but then Frank is not the sort who stands out in a crowd—which may be to his advantage.

For, after all, the issue was not whether McCloskey or McIntyre would win the seat, but how far the Democratic majority in the House would go to assert its power. The fact that Frank McCloskey was adjudged the victor is beside the point. The point is that Indiana's Eighth Congressional District is merely an instance of a generality: that all but 19 or so Democrats in the House of Representatives have become a law unto themselves, rendering unto their masters what their masters require of them, rendering unto the American people what their masters also require of them. It does make for economy of effort.

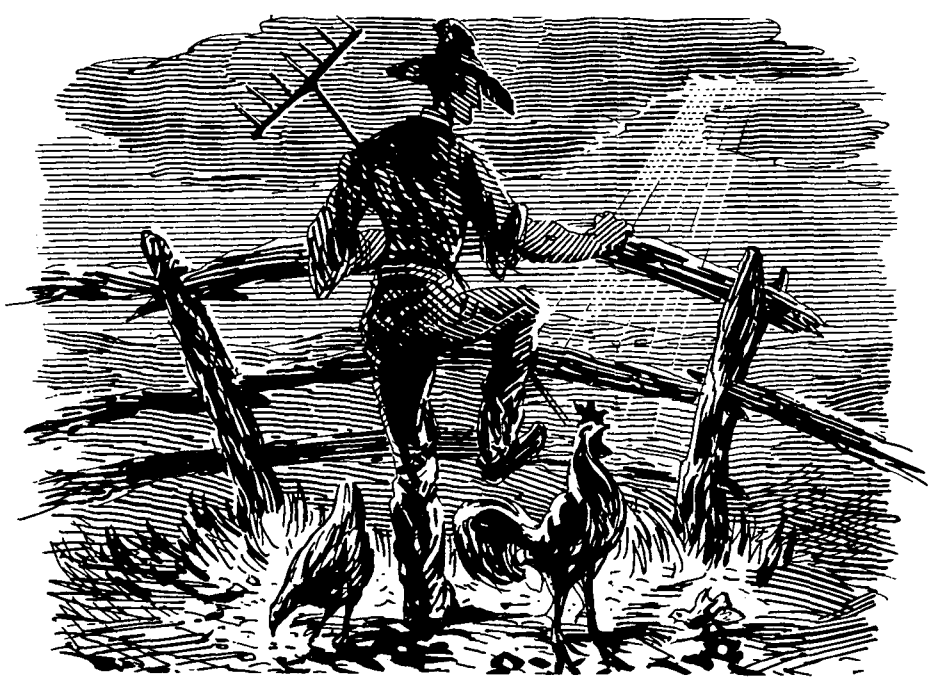
If such a commotion had to come at all, it could not have come at a better time. Early spring in Indiana is unsettling, what with the end of the basketball season and the onset of the rutting season. Hence the U.S. House of Representatives' Administration Committee provided a welcome distraction when it dispatched a special task force to Indiana to take charge of the Eighth District recount. The Democrats on the force, Leon Panetta of California and William Clay of Missouri, set about to adopt 22 rules that the Republican, William Thomas of California, agreed to accept, but not without pointed reservations. The Democrats declared that because there was no evidence of fraud in the election, there was no reason why all 233,500 ballots should not be recounted.

On March 26, when auditors from the General Accounting Office began to tabulate the ballots under the supervision of James Shumway, Arizona's director of elections, the residents of the district's 15 counties braced themselves to watch the due process of representative democracy at work.

Neighborly palavers were seldom possible—old-style Indiana politics at its gabbiest—for recounted returns were announced each day in time to make the six o'clock news on the Evansville, Terre Haute, and Indianapolis television stations. Each day McIntyre's lead dropped off by a vote or two; each day McCloskey gained a few votes, until finally it was McCloskey who had the lead with no more ballots Panetta and Clay would let the auditors count.

But there were votes left over: thirty-two of them, clearly identified absentee ballots, which county clerks had not sent out to precinct election boards because the ballots had not been notarized, as Indiana law requires. Never mind the fact that earlier other unnotarized ballots had been counted by precinct boards. It was now high time to observe the letter of the Indiana law—the very same law that Reps. Panetta and Clay had ignored, one that required the initials of both precinct clerks and the number and name of the precinct. So when it came down to 32 unnotarized absentee ballots with McCloskey four votes to the good, the two congressmen recognized at last the authority of Indiana law and solemnly abided by it.

No doubt it was mischievous of the *Evansville Courier* to get the names of the 32 absentee voters from a House report and survey 26 who could be found. Twenty said they had voted for McIntyre, five said they had voted for McCloskey. (One said she hadn't voted in that contest; one had died in February; five voters could not be found.) It may have been a coincidence that the uncounted absentee ballots came from four strongly Republican counties, which McIntyre took handily. The Associated Press discovered there were also some unnotarized ballots in Vanderburgh and Crawford counties, both decidedly Democratic. These were not counted because they had not been kept locked up. Ballots that are neither notarized nor kept under lock and key tend to spoil rapidly in southwestern Indiana.



By May Day the great struggle was over, insofar as the people of the Eighth District were concerned. Despite having had no congressman for the cost of two (both claimants were paid full salary of $72,600 while the issue was in doubt, although in March McIntyre refused to accept his any longer), the Hoosiers were treated to a few sideshows, perhaps as partial compensation.

From Capitol Hill Rep. Tony Coelho of California, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, was able to discern the specter of racism flitting about the predominantly rural district. He was aghast to learn that of the 5,000 ballots disqualified during the earlier recount conducted by special commissions appointed by judges in the 15 counties, 1,100 had been thrown out in three largely black precincts in Evansville, the district's largest city and only concentration of black voters. He was joined in his indignation by the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, which promptly filed suit in federal court. As it happened, Vanderburgh County, whose seat is Evansville, had a recount commission dominated by Democrats, who were hardly likely to connive at aiding the Republican.

Then, to show a united front in the face of adversity, the Democratic representatives first elected to office in 1982 chose Frank McCloskey as class president. Because he was not a member of Congress at the time, this was taken as a sign that the parvenu Democrats favored government in exile, a policy they have yet to condone in Nicaragua.

Kent Owen is a writer living in Bloomington, Indiana. His article, "Indiana's Bloody Eighth," appeared in the May American Spectator.

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All the while their party leaders, actual and aspiring, were lambasting one another. Both McCloskey and McIntyre were making themselves useful throughout the district, talking to gatherings of what they hoped were constituents about social security, defense, deficits, and southern Indiana's economic woes—an unemployment rate of 12.5 percent and few highways. It should be said to their lasting credit that both men bore themselves with civility, disdaining baser tactics. Yanked around like rag dolls and paraded before the press, McIntyre and McCloskey must have felt the stirrings of fellow-feeling through their common martyrdom. It must have occurred to them that the game was perhaps not worth the candle, that they were being used for purposes not their own. The eyes of McCloskey betrayed an even more doleful look, at once warier and wearier than usual. The eyes of McIntyre, ordinarily alight with eagerness and ready energy, dimmed to the uneasy gaze of one who sees something tracking him in the middle distance. Whatever it was each man saw out there, he knew of a certainty that in any random group only half had voted for him, and maybe the wrong half at that. In such a harsh sight does one see the end of illusion.

Meanwhile the Republicans opened a second front, mainly on the floor of the U.S. House at those times conducive to C-SPAN. Like backwoods Pentecostals in the grip of grace, militants answered the altar call to testify to the strength of their faith. Unlike McIntyre whose cause they were presumably pleading, they saw little reason to temper their rhetoric. Cries of mugging, theft, rape, cuckoldry—images of sexual abuse seemed apt, as if the violation they all had suffered were vicious and personal—resounded continually from the likes of Joe Barton of Texas, Newt Gingrich of Georgia, Vin Weber of Minnesota, Robert Walker of Pennsylvania, and Pat Roberts of Kansas. "Thou Shalt Not Steal" buttons adorned every Republican lapel.

Under attack was the Democrats' stubborn refusal to honor Indiana's certificate of election and grant McIntyre his seat. Soon the target became the unyielding decisions of Panetta and Clay to conduct the recount according to their own lights—which led them to see that McCloskey should have the seat, even if only four votes made the difference. Despite the Republicans' taunt that the election had been stolen, the result was not so much a theft as a directed verdict. The two Democratic "judges" of the House task force, for reasons sufficient to themselves, in effect ordered the auditors to "find for" McCloskey. And so they did—finding just as many votes as he needed to win and stopping there. It had about it a wondrous logic, firmly set as a precedent by Lewis Carroll's Duchess: "Everything's got a moral if only you can find it."

As a last resort, the object of the Republicans became the vacating of the disputed seat and the calling of a special election, a possibility urged by even the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, and the League of Women Voters, if not by the claimants themselves. But the Democrats would have none of it. They had worked their will and gotten their way, and that was that.

Back home in southwestern Indiana, Rick and Meredith McIntyre took their two children on vacation to Disney World, which may be a happy form of homeopathic therapy. Then they will go back to practicing law in Bedford, and he will find himself pestered by invitations to speak at Lincoln Day dinners everywhere from Seattle to Miami. He will be asked every other day when he intends to announce his candidacy for the seat, an election less than a year and a half away.

Senator Dan Quayle will be up for re-election in '86, and that might help some. The Indiana Republicans will scrap to hold onto their State House offices—secretary of state will be available, and young Evan Bayh, Birch and Marvella's boy now grown to manhood, looks promising for the Democrats, who otherwise don't seem to have much else going for them.

Still, of the 323,000 registered voters in the Eighth District, only about 80,000 (25 percent) are counted as Republicans. Almost 92,000 (28 percent) are nominally Democrats—a standing based on which party's ballot the voter has taken in recent primaries. That leaves more than 152,000 independents—47 percent of the total—to win over. And, as of the 1980 census, there were more than 70,000 of voting age not registered. Any hard-charging Republican who couldn't win the Eighth District going away while Ronald Reagan was carrying it by 48,000 votes may be in for trouble in an off-year election. It gives a bright young man something to ponder. There are worse things in this life than lawyering in Lawrence County.

Frank McCloskey has reclaimed his Rep. (He has come to enjoy the prefix honorific.) With his return to the House has come the chairmanship of the Post Office and Civil Service Committee's postal subcommittee, a small thing but his own. He may have discovered in his travels throughout the district that the one thing common and essential to the 15 counties is mail delivery, of a markedly rural type. He may also have discovered that the star routes once in the grasping gift of the late Seth Denbo need to be sorted out on a basis different from Crawford County cousinage and Republican adherence. Actually, the U.S. Postal Service has already tended to that. Of course, business has been awfully slow of late over at the old glue works in Winslow, and those stamps do take a lot of mucilage. Why shouldn't he get in his licks for those constituents in need?

Although he is not a man given to impetuous acts, McCloskey has surprised many with his announced intention to move from Bloomington, where he served as mayor for 11 years, to somewhere down in Gibson County, maybe Princeton, the county seat, or Haubstadt or Fort Branch, on the Vanderburgh County line only a few miles north of Evansville. Lest this be taken as a ploy to Hoosierize himself in deeper hues of protective coloration, McCloskey knows his Bloomington base at the north end of the district is far from secure. Only the southern half of the city is part of the Eighth District; Monroe County outside the city of Bloomington is doggedly Republican. McCloskey couldn't carry those townships in 1982 or '84, and isn't likely to convert them by '86. Lawrence County due south of Monroe is also no help at all. Hence an incumbent Democrat who yearns to remain so is wise to set up camp well to the south.

And so it goes, as Kurt Vonnegut, once of Marion County, used to say. After a campaign that cost McCloskey $481,000 and McIntyre $419,000—the biggest-spending Indiana congressional contest in 1984—and a bad-humored stretch from November 6, 1984 until May 1, 1985 before a winner was sworn in, and two days short of four months when there was no one to represent them, a half-million Hoosiers are ready, at long last, to enjoy the benefits of representative democracy. □

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SNOW JOBS

by James Harkness

Albany—Shortly into the New Year they set up a ski run at the crest of lower State Street, shutting off the block immediately below the Capitol to traffic, and trucking in several tons of snow shoveled from around Washington Park's blighted, leafless Dutch elms. January of 1985 was exceptionally mild in upstate New York; even so, it was a classic case of bringing coals to Newcastle. The late Erastus Corning II, Albany's mayor of four decades, boss of maybe the last great party machine in the Northeast, had long ago pronounced the final words on urban snow removal: The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Thomas Whalen, former president of the city council, took over as mayor two years ago, after Corning died in a Boston hospital of lingering emphysema. Since then, Whalen has moved in a steady if rather lackluster way to drag the downtown area into a Yuppie's vision of the twentieth century. At the top of State Street this year, old made common cause with the new: Instead of plowing, city boosters supplied a dozen truckloads of extra snow, rounded up the usual crowd of wardheelers and disc jockeys, and called it Winterthing.

Albany has the same straw in its hair as most state capitals, and generating a properly cosmopolitan ambience (as I get it, a kind of rabidly upscale Rive gauche look) has been slow going. During the late seventies the state sank $18 million into the abandoned headquarters of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, a massive granite pile modeled loosely on the cloth guild hall in Ypres, Belgium. Along with a decommissioned post office equally expensively spruced up, the sprawling structure now houses the central offices of the state's multicampus college system. State University Plaza has become the anchor for Albany's gentrification, and progressive alderpersons have been heard to grumble about unappreciative locals who persist in referring to it as "down to the old D&H there."

Currently being restored by a private banking firm is the nearby Union Station, whose gloomy interior vaunt you may unknowingly have snickered at in the movie *Ghost Story*. Just east of the depot a bi-level parking garage is going up. Regardless of intended uses, nearly all the recent improvements are being underwritten or assisted by city and state taxpayers. Initially designed to have four stories, the new garage might at least have eased some of Albany's notorious parking congestion, but the chairman of the bank demurred. Too much concrete would have blocked the view of the Hudson River from his future office. Slated next for hyperdevelopment are the Hudson's own narrow alluvial banks, with rumor having it that the completed project will be dubbed Riverthing.

Aside from intemperate (some would say ga-ga) use of public bonding authority and the appearance of a small but thriving New Wave enclave up on Lark Street, the main topic of fern bar chit-chat remains hometown author William Kennedy. His terrific novel *Ironweed* broke fast from the pack in early 1983, became a national bestseller, and went on to win both a Pulitzer Prize and Critics Circle award for fiction. *Ironweed* was the third in a cycle of interlinked stories set in Albany. Along with a nonfiction book called, a bit too rapturously I thought, *O Albany: An Urban Tapestry*, it has lent the city a certain cachet even in literary Manhattan, where you see people thumbing it on buses and in the subway. Although Kennedy fled Albany in his younger days for less yawnsome terrain, upholding a venerable tradition going back at least to Melville and Henry James, he later returned to mine fictive ore from what turned out to be surprisingly rich deposits of history and persona. Lately he co-wrote the screenplay for Francis Ford Coppola's *Cotton Club*, then talked the studio into premiering it at the Palace Theatre here. Coppola and Richard Gere didn't attend, but Gregory Hines and some of the supporting cast blew in for the evening. The reception afterward was Albany's toughest ticket since Legs Diamond was keelhauled over at the county courthouse. Once *Ironweed* took off, Kennedy got a substantial MacArthur award, part of which he has generously used to help establish a writers' institute at the Albany campus of the state university. Already the institute has temporarily imported Saul Bellow, Toni Morrison, John Updike, and several lesser luminaries, a few of whom have been spotted wandering about the Nelson A. Rockefeller Empire State Plaza with color-coded maps.

Then there's the gov. Shortly after *Ironweed* came out, Cuomo told a reporter he'd stayed up all night to read the book at a sitting—incidentally, and probably not unconsciously, raising higher yet the hopes of Murray Kempton and the rest of the gang at *New York Review of Books*, who dream that Mario may be their long-awaited messiah, a book-person politician. Why the paragon needed all night to read a novel of barely 200 pages, nobody got around to asking. When Cuomo's personal and campaign diaries were published a little later, with their wacky appeals to Teilhard de Chardin and anguished probings into the private conscience of public man, the *Times* asked Bill Kennedy to review them, sticking him with a nice ethico-esthetic dilemma. It was fun to watch him tiptoe politely around Mario's papier-maché prose, nodding urbanely and sneaking glances at his wristwatch, firmly but with obvious difficulty setting aside the temptation to chart the demise of civic discourse in the land of *The Federalist Papers*.

None of which is to say that the governor has altogether come a cropper. For one thing, he has taken the state to GAAP at last, which has to do with generally accepted accounting principles and not what separates the U.S. from the Soviets vis-à-vis medium range warheads. The politicos have also had a (kind of) balanced budget more or less in place at the start of every fiscal year since Mario's election. That may not sound like headline copy unless you know that under his predecessor New York went to the bank every spring for much of its first-quarter expenditures, while the executive chamber and the legislature hissed and stamped their feet at each other until late May or so to the tune of millions of dollars in interest.

James Harkness is a writer and translator who lives in upstate New York.

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This time around, too, the chamber and the legislature got together to reduce the maximum state tax on personal income. With the economy booming, a year-end surplus of general revenue receipts, and GAAP finally in place, April Fools ought eventually to become just another day for the cutups at Citibank and Chase Manhattan.

Clouds on the horizon? Well, eight important abstract expressionist paintings, acquired for a largely unappreciative public by Nelson Rockefeller in a desperate spendthrift spasm during the last days of his regime, were severely slashed in early May by one Eugene Burt, whose previous claim to notoriety consisted in having disrupted a service in St. Patrick's Cathedral by accusing Ronald Reagan of being the Antichrist. Mr. Burt's candid confession notwithstanding, the Office of General Services, charged with responsibility for protecting the paintings where they hung in the underground concourse of the Empire State Plaza, has sought to transfer blame for the incident to an *Albany Times-Union* columnist named Barney Fowler. Fowler, one of those don't-you-love-to-hate-'em types fond of referring to himself as "the Olde Curmudgeon," had written some weeks earlier that a previous incident of minor vandalism to the artworks might well have improved them. This crude exercise of the right of free speech outraged the bureaucrats even before the paintings were destroyed, and they afterward hinted darkly that Fowler must have planted the seed that eventually bore such calamitous fruit. So far, however, the columnist has been more than a match for OGS's hired PR guns. "On the basis of the kind of care shown so far," he wrote at the height of the furor, "[the] department probably would think nothing of washing a million-dollar medieval tapestry in a public laundry and hanging it out to dry on a clothesline. And I imagine a newspaperman probably would be blamed if birds neglected to pass it by."

Actually, it has been a great spring for the law-and-order lobby. Twice already prowlers have broken into the governor's residence itself, one guy nipping off with a ghetto blaster and assorted other oddments before having a change of heart and turning himself in to the drowsy state cop who was supposed to have been on guard.

Another potential housebreaker is state attorney general Robert Abrams, with whom the governor has had regular spitting matches over such matters as sports betting, a Baby Jane Doe case at a downstate hospital, and whether Long Island Light Company ought to go on line with its nuclear generating plant at Shoreham. Abrams has been known to hint coyly of his own abiding affection for the hallowed tradition of the executive mansion, and because the attorney general is an elected rather than appointed official in New York, it is a little difficult for the governor to cut his marching orders. Also elected directly is the state comptroller, currently Edward V. "Ned" Regan, one-time Erie County executive, the only Republican in Cuomo's cabinet. Were the electorate to advise Mr. Regan of its heartfelt wish that he rise higher still, he, like Mr. Abrams, would bow humbly to the collective will. Far at the western edge of the state, meanwhile, Buffalo trembles on the edge of bankruptcy. Mr. Regan would like to prevent it if possible, or at least postpone it until about 1988, when it would redound to the gov's discredit whatever office he might choose to pursue. This the comptroller may be in a position to do, not least because the county within which Buffalo lies is, lo, Erie itself.

But as rawboned workmen in stained blue coveralls kneel stiffly in front of the Capitol, interring thousands of bulbs in preparation for the city's traditional Tulip Festival, what really keeps

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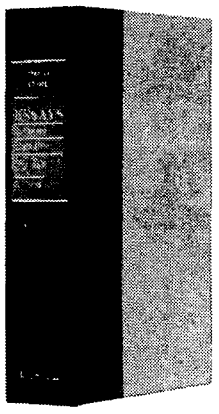

ESSAYS
MORAL, POLITICAL, AND LITERARY

By David Hume
Edited by Eugene F. Miller

Hume published his first book of essays in 1741 and never stopped working in one way or another on essays until his death in 1776.

This Liberty*Classics* edition contains the thirty-nine essays which were included under the title *Essays: Moral, Political, and Literary* in the 1777 posthumous edition of *Essays and Treatises on Several Subjects*. It also includes ten essays which were withdrawn or left unpublished by Hume for various reasons. The two most important were deemed too controversial for the religious climate of his time.

The present volume contains all of Hume's essays on political economy and on government including such well known titles as "Of the Original Contract," "That Politics May be Reduced to a Science." "Of the Populousness of Ancient Nations," and "Idea of Perfect Commonwealth."

Professor Miller has based this new edition on the edition of 1777 and has held fidelity to that text as a paramount aim. He has added editorial notes to explain Hume's many references and allusions which would be unfamiliar to most modern readers. A glossary is provided to clarify 18th Century uses of terms which might otherwise prove confusing. A listing of variant readings is also included.

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coming up is the same old question. Just how serious *is* Mario about chasing the presidency next time out? In April, the gov accepted an invitation from the Mutual Radio network to share his views with the rest of the country, via regular 90-second commentaries scheduled to begin airing this summer. A few weeks later, he found it necessary to declare a moratorium on further media discussion of his putative presidential ambitions. "I tried openness. I tried accessibility. It didn't work," Mario complained. "Now I'm going to try evasion and obstinance."

Just kidding, fellas, ha ha, a wan office flack hastily assured everybody the next day. Even so, Cuomo's national prospects remain far cloudier than all the coy hype would suggest. In 1982, he beat Lewis Lehrman for the governorship by a hairsbreadth, on the strength of a majority in a mere five New York counties. Aside from the downstate region, only Albany County came through, its delivery a final coup in absentia by Erastus Corning from his deathbed in St. Pulmonary. And Mario, however blinding the gleam of his ubiquitous public relations debris, has clearly acknowledged his debt to the dusty, not yet defunct *apparat* Corning left behind. This year's budget includes gaudy dollops of state aid for Albany County, including partial subsidy for a $40 million arena and civic center. Next winter, will there be a little something left for a few more New Age snow jobs? It's anybody's guess. □

AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS

PENNSYLVANIA PROPHETS

by Allan C. Carlson

Americans are blessed by an abundance of prophets. Wherever we look, we find servants of the cloth—ministers, priests, rabbis, bishops—speaking with the righteousness of God and giving us layfolk guidance on the whole range of social and political questions. Indeed, prophetic utterance has now reached such an advanced state that we find numerous examples of prophecy by committee. Denominational headquarters afire with "the prophetic voice of the Church" even publish whole volumes of staff-approved prophecy on the pressing issues of the day.

Modern America, moreover, has vastly upgraded the prophet's status. Back in less enlightened times, prophets would wear loincloths, eat locusts and roots, live in caves, and issue verbal blasts from atop stone pillars. Their public appearances were unplanned, shocking affairs. By way of contrast, today's state-of-the-art prophets wear Gucci loafers, eat what must be prodigious amounts of food, and receive special, clergy-only tax breaks when they buy a house. Many modern prophets have pension benefits, American Express Gold Cards, and even country club memberships. They hire public relations agents and hold press conferences and attend wine and cheese parties. Elijah and Isaiah, eat your hearts out.

Now it is true that our top prophets—bishops, for example—are careful not to let the prophetic task go too far. They'll drone on endlessly about "institutional evil" and "corporate sin," they'll fund "strategy-action" task-forces to "bring justice to the poor," they'll flirt with agents of the hard left who "also understand" that America and its economic institutions are "the focus of evil" in the world. But they know better than to get carried away. Incessantly gnawing on the hand that feeds you is one thing; biting it off is another.

Unfortunately, some junior members of the prophetic caste haven't yet learned the fine art of balance in these matters. They hear the bishops' words, see the money flowing their way, read official and semi-official pronouncements, and conclude that God expects them to combat institutional evil with all the resources at their command. One such junior prophet, the Reverend D. Douglas Roth of Clairton, Pennsylvania, has recently created a stir. Through his strident enthusiasm and uncompromising politics, he has upset the top prophets and they have mobilized to silence him. The story is a sad one.

The setting for this modern parable of religious America is a decaying steel town near Pittsburgh. Since the late 1970s, steel mill after steel mill in the Monongahela-Ohio River Valley has shut down. Pittsburgh itself has become a tale of two cities. The downtown area is enjoying a construction boom, with new skyscrapers rising and a subway under construction. Only New York and Chicago now have more corporate headquarters, and the city is also emerging as a major center for international finance. In Pittsburgh's blue-collar suburbs, meanwhile, a way of life is collapsing. The most recent round of layoffs from the steel mills began in 1981; two years later, 60,000 steelworkers in the area were out of work. Buffeted by plant closings, reduced demand, and intense foreign competition, relatively few have since been called back.

Executives at Bethlehem Steel, U.S. Steel, and other companies justify the plant closings as inevitable. The high wages of American workers and the antiquated plants found in the Pittsburgh area, they argue, make it impossible for them to produce steel at a sufficient profit. "A more mature economy keeps moving toward the service industries," says U.S. Steel chairman David Roderick. "Investment dollars are going to capital-starve the most marginal businesses, and they are going to flow capital to those businesses that are attractive."

In reply, workers charge that the steel corporations deliberately pursued a policy of disinvestment, refusing to use a sufficient part of the profits earned during the 1960s and '70s for plant modernization. Corporate executives also ignored the social value of preserving the steel communities, they say, at-

Allan C. Carlson is editor of Persuasion at Work, *published by The Rockford Institute.*

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tempting instead to build diversified conglomerate empires (U.S. Steel's $6 billion purchase of Marathon Oil particularly sticks in the workers' craws). Worker emotions run high. As one union activist wrote after the closing of the enormous Lackawanna mill: "Businesses open and businesses close, but there's something incredible about the shutdown of a steel mill. An integrated mill is so huge, it dominates the landscape and the lives of the people around it. It's hard to believe that it will no longer be operating."

Enter the Western Pennsylvania-West Virginia Synod of the Lutheran Church in America (LCA). At the recommendation of its urban mission director, the Synod in 1981 retained one Charles Honeywell as a ministry consultant. His task was to build an interdenominational network to help the unemployed. Honeywell had been trained in "community organizing" at Saul Alinsky's Industrial Areas Foundation, and came highly recommended as a man holding strong convictions about "social justice," one determined to reach the centers of corporate power with his message and accustomed to moving behind the scenes. Among the projects he spawned as a Synod consultant was Denominational Ministry Strategy. Blessed by church officials, DMS attracted a number of young Lutheran clergymen, including Pastor Roth. All apparently fell under Honeywell's ideological sway.

By the time the Synod terminated its relationship with Honeywell and DMS in early 1983, the organization was rolling. Prophecy had taken institutional form and Roth emerged as a key DMS spokesman. "We are saying that these corporations cannot continue to put profits before people," he said. "You can march and picket all you want, but you really have to find ways to irritate the power structure." In their major theological statement, "Evangelical Confession," DMS activists stressed their abhorrence of the social and religious status quo; church leadership had become unduly influenced by a "corporation idol." The confession concluded: "We must reject the teachings of our leaders who insist that only a ministry of polite cooperation with secular powers is valid and that any prophetic proclamation which offends those powers is invalid."

Prophecy soon passed over into action; U.S. Steel (operator of the Clairton Works), Mellon Bank, and Dravo Corporation were the targets. The activists picketed the homes of corporate executives, poured pennies on the Mellon Bank floor, and placed dead fish and skunk oil in safety deposit boxes. They disrupted a charity dinner held to raise funds to buy toys for the children of the unemployed. "Sorry about your dad losing his job, kid. Have a toy," read one leaflet distributed at the fray. At Shadyside Presbyterian Church, home congregation for several corporate executives, three men wearing gas masks dropped balloons containing dye and skunk oil on a children's Christmas party.

These DMS actions bitterly divided the Reverend Roth's congregation at Trinity Lutheran Church. Support for his work came from newer members, mostly unemployed union workers and community activists. The majority, however, deplored the politicization of their church and in time petitioned Bishop Kenneth R. May for Roth's removal. This was the opportunity the Synod had been waiting for, and Bishop May acted quickly. When Roth refused to abandon his pulpit, May went to court and won an injunction ordering Roth to remove himself from the church. Vowing "defensive violence," Roth responded by barricading himself inside the church along with a band of DMS loyalists. On January 4 of this year, fifty sheriff's deputies in riot gear stormed the church and took Roth and his associates into custody. The incident immediately drew national attention. On January 6, David Soul, of "Starsky and Hutch" fame and brother of another DMS minister, mounted the pulpit at Trinity Lutheran and read to 100 DMS followers a sermon written by Roth in jail. "Phil Donahue" materialized a day later, soon to be followed by a crew from "60 Minutes."

Meanwhile, the creaky wheels of church discipline, long unused, began to turn. The minister-prophet out of control was hauled before an LCA tribunal. Curiously, though, doctrine was not at issue. Bishop May repeatedly emphasized that there are times when civil disobedience is legitimate and that the DMS's cause was just.

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Synod Secretary Reverend Donald Anderson stressed that the controversy involved no doctrinal issues at all, but was strictly a question of the Lutheran Church maintaining its order and discipline. Minister-prophets, in other words, must play by the bishops' rules.

Indeed so. For even as the Roth affair heated up, another branch of the Lutheran community endorsed the use of college campus ministry centers as "sanctuaries" for hiding illegal aliens in the United States. This agency quoted a Lutheran Church in America social statement for support: "Sanctuaries should be viewed as . . . one part of the church's strategy to secure relief for all persons fleeing political oppression. . . . Sanctuary should be seen as *both* providing space for refugees *and* a symbolic act calling for the lifting of restrictions against political refugees." Prophetic illegalities are okay, the church says, provided they have the bureaucracy's blessing. Discipline, not doctrine, was Roth's undoing.

On March 12, the LCA tribunal ruled unanimously that Roth should be deposed from the Lutheran ministry for refusing to obey his bishop. Consistent with his principles, Roth responded: "Mellon Bank has defrocked their first pastor." The Synod has since received petitions to investigate two other DMS pastors. Action is pending.

Yet the dispute in Pittsburgh involves more than the ecclesiastical maneuverings of such pseudo-prophets. The decline of the steel industry there and the subsequent radicalizing of a portion of the labor force echo familiar themes in the history of the industrial West.

Clearly, the laments of the steelworkers derive not so much from their love of the mill job as from their love of the community which the steel mill created. For most of this century, the steel town was a relatively predictable place. A man was born into it. After high school and the Army, he got a job at the plant and married a local girl. Children followed, and they too set their lives to the rhythm of the mill. The union, the neighborhood bar, and the parish completed the picture. Life was not always serene in the steel town, but the individual was bound up in stable community, in *gemeinschaft*, and enjoyed a sense of security that transcended other considerations.

Corporate managers pursuing profits have now closed the less efficient mills and so have, however unwittingly, shattered the communities those mills sustained. The workers' lament for lost community is real, and poignant. Yet it is also inevitable, and hardly new. The framewreakers, or Luddites, of early industrial England rebelled not against the machine as an abstract metaphysical evil, but against the devastating impact industrial production had on settled community. In the 1840s, to choose another example, craft guild members of the various German states also rose violently in protest against mechanical production. Clothing, shoes, and furniture made in factories, they acknowledged, were cheaper and often as good as those made by hand. Yet for that very reason, they said, the industrial process was destroying the settled way of making things, the ancient agreements on price and quality, and the families and small societies built around these compacts. Indeed, the ideological history of the last 200 years could be written as a series of attempts to salvage community without jeopardizing the prosperity brought by capitalism. Political activism, though, has proved unable to stop the forces of economic change.

The hard truth is that the blessings of industrial capitalism—the elimination of mass poverty, the generation of untold wealth and unprecedented opportunity for social mobility—demand one great price: Geared to relentless change, industrial capitalism is hostile to every form of settled community. It guarantees no one a way of life.

Most citizens of modern society find human bonds in less structured systems: nuclear family, voluntary associations, transient congregations. But occasionally events conspire to produce more stable communities lasting several generations. The steel towns of the Monongahela-Ohio Valley were such entities. More sensitive decisions by steel corporation executives over the last twenty years might have produced different results. But fundamental change would have one day come to Clairton, Johnstown, Lackawanna, and Youngstown. It is in the very scheme of things.

Do industrial corporations bear any responsibility in helping workers through such change? Ideally, no. The more quickly workers move into new jobs in the more progressive sectors of the economy, the better. Experience suggests that humanitarian intervention, however well intended, usually means little more than delaying the necessary psychological and geographic adjustments. However, given the cultural and political realities of contemporary America—particularly the media's taste for mawkish sensationalism—corporations probably ought to appear to be doing something. Job counseling, job retraining, and assistance in moving workers to other locales are feasible, and occasionally effective, voluntary strategies.

Unfortunately, though, a larger and very different question remains: Can the United States afford to let the free-trade principle dismantle its steel industry? Non-libertarian economists as diverse as William Hawkins and Felix Rohatyn argue that the U.S. cannot allow basic industries to wither in the face of international competition. The American economy, they maintain, is not maturing, but merely following the path of least resistance. Our vaunted technological lead is as thin as the next generation of silicon chip. For national security reasons alone, they conclude, the U.S. should not have to depend on foreign steel and other basic commodities.

Answers won't come easy here. No one has yet come up with a way to turn a protected American industry into an efficient one. The United States' position as lynchpin to the global free-market economy also militates against the protectionist temptation. Moreover, the Western European experience with state owned, subsidized, and sheltered steel mills has been an unmitigated disaster.

Nonetheless, the line of argument offered by these economic writers is a troubling one. A war fought with nuclear weapons, it is true, has little need for steel mills. Yet more conventional campaigns, such as World War II, Korea, and Vietnam, are won to some degree in the factories.

It is on this issue of national security in an imperfect world, I suggest, that policy debate on the future of steel and other basic industries should focus. Even our nation's prophets are cordially invited to take part. □

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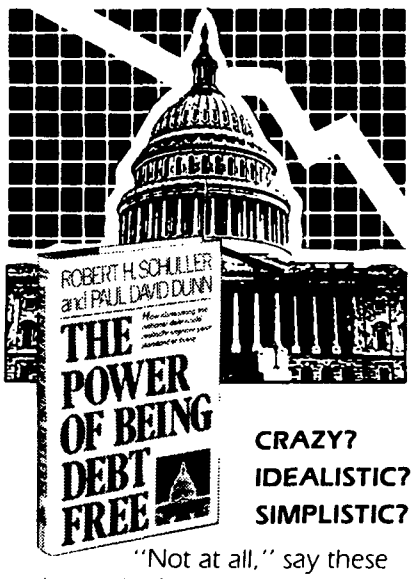

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IN LOVE IN WASHINGTON

by Benjamin J. Stein

In 1974 I was a speechwriter for Gerald Ford. I was one of the last Nixon holdovers. Frankly, no one seemed to notice, but there I was in my little office grinding out remarks for Father's Day, speeches on taxation of foreign dividends, generally producing the editorial minutiae of the White House. Then one day in October, Donald Rumsfeld, Chief of Staff, told me that I might want to look for another job. "A new broom sweeps clean" and all that good stuff. In a few weeks, I had a job as a columnist at the *Wall Street Journal*. My girlfriend Pat and I packed my incredibly pitiful furniture in my tiny house on Klingle Street. We had a going away party in the bare living room, and then I set out for New York in my blue Subaru.

That was more than a decade ago. Now I live in a house in the Hollywood Hills. I sit in my basement office most mornings and look out at our almost completed swimming pool, the dogs hurling themselves against the fence at any of the very few passersby, and the seemingly bottomless pit of BMW's that spews forth 320i's onto the street every five minutes. I hit the keys of the Selectric III, paying for the flagstone decking with every stroke, and I try to think about these eleven years since I have been in exile from Washington. I try, to coin a phrase, to measure what I have lost.

I think I can tell it to you in a few words, and maybe it will explain something about Washington, and about New York, and about Los Angeles, and about home, that sweet word, and about youth, the sweetest of words.

When my work takes me back to Washington, I make a pilgrimage on a route around town. First, I walk around Foggy Bottom, past the apartment house on Eye Street where my wife and I first lived when I got out of law school. Then I walk over along Pennsylvania Avenue towards the White House, where I worked. But that is just clearing my nostalgic machine gun for the real exercise.

I drive through Georgetown, to the house on Q Street where my old girlfriend Mary lived with a houseful of Barnard girls in the summer of 1966. I drive out to American University and walk past the lecture hall where I taught "Film and Revolution" before leaving for work at the White House, and where I met my hundreds of students, passed along hip comments about the pig power structure, and then drove home in my red 1962 Corvette, feeling as if I were a long-haired Mr. Chips. I usually head out towards Silver Spring along Military Road and Beach Drive, past the picnic sites in Rock Creek Park where I used to eat hot dogs with Sharon, a maniac I knew in high school.

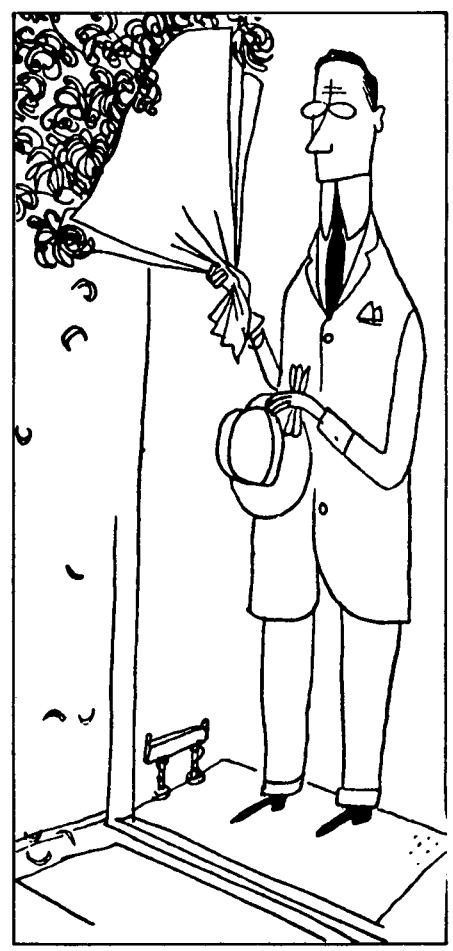
I always drive along Sligo Creek Parkway to see Parkside Elementary School, now an office of some planning commission. I walk around by the marble benches named for two Parksiders who died in World War II. (I still remember their names—Finley Fairley and Hobart Knight.) Then I drive along Sligo Creek through its perfect emerald green quiet and look at Blair, which could have easily served as a model for Andy Hardy's High School, and may soon be history. I often get out of the car and walk between D and B buildings and think of the crushes I had on Neely (or was that junior high?) or Judy or Gay or Barbara. Then I drive back to downtown and pass where my friends were Bar Mitzvahed at what once was a synagogue and is now a predominantly black church.

Somehow, by the time I get back to Guest Quarters on New Hampshire Avenue, I am always in the same trance. The spell is made up of remembering youthful episodes of such intensity that I can hardly bear to think of them. Mostly, such episodes have to do with falling in love or being in love. When I walk or drive through the Washington I know, I cannot pass a block or a park without remembering who used to live there whom I used to love, who used to work there whom I sent flowers to, who I daydreamed about as I walked along.

But there are other experiences: of a first summer job on K Street, of getting my brains beat in by Arnold & Porter in my first case as a lawyer, of walking out of the White House at midnight on August 8, 1974, with Margaret Foote stopping me in the hall of the EOB. "Don't look sad," she said. "They'll love it if you look sad. Look confident. Stand up tall."

Now, as I say, it's been more than a decade. I go back to New York frequently to plead with publishers, have publishers plead with me, appear on talk shows flogging my miserable books, make my futile stabs at entrepreneurship, stumble through adult life. I can walk along any street in New York's most radically powerful centers, eat at any restaurant, and feel almost no remembrance. I live in Los Angeles and drive a Porsche now. I stuff it with my three dogs and head off to Disney, to Paramount, to Warner, to NBC, to wherever I might have interest in a movie or a TV show. I have lived here now for nine years. It should be home, but it is not.

No streets, no apartment houses, no blocks, no parks talk to me of old girlfriends or unrequited crushes or tearful farewells or awkward first dates. There is the building instead where B. welshed on a contract to co-produce a picture, the office building in Century City where J. promised me two hundred K for a screenplay and got me nothing, the restaurant where I was promised an overall deal at Paramount and got a two-bit offer for a treatment instead. There is the car dealer who robbed me, the bank where they are genuinely thoughtful, the pharmacist where I get my dogs' medicines. But no place in this overwhelming town screams to me of memory and feeling and those keen cuts of love or regret, or that rush of feeling that says life will go on forever, bright and shining and full like the moon over the Tidal Basin in September.



The places I have wandered and made my way as a writer since I left Washington speak of getting by, of making a living, of deals and agents and editors and producers and creative v.p.'s. But only Washington plays loud music of the most intense feelings of love and hope and life. In a way, the difference is even simpler. The places I have been since 1974 are fine places, and Los Angeles has free, cheerful people somewhere. But New York and Los Angeles for me are places of wheeling and dealing, of trying to get ahead. From out of the past Washington looms in my memory in the long tidewater summer nights, in the confused first snowfall of December, as the place of falling in love. I miss that.

I look out at the Japanese gardener trimming the palm trees by the pool, and I think of myself still as a Washingtonian. But I am that most fortunate of Washingtonians. I need not think of the rotting downtown, of the terrifying weekend visitors on M Street, of the brutal humidity, of GS grades or changes of administration. I live in Washington *as it was*, in a Washington of the past, a Washington of the mind, the Washington of my youth. It has been eleven years, and Washington has merged seamlessly with the idea of yesterday, a time when money was something parents worried about, and the future was endless, and I could walk across a room at a summer job at the State Department and fall in love. It has been eleven years, and this shimmering, warm, romantic Washington is most of what I have lost. It is also the perfect Washington that I have found. □

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer and producer in Hollywood.

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BOOK REVIEWS

LIBERALS, CONSERVATIVES, AND HISTORY

LIBERALISM AND ITS CHALLENGERS:
F.D.R. TO REAGAN
Alonzo L. Hamby/Oxford University Press/$24.95; $10.95 paper

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

As Lincoln admonished in his Second Annual Message to Congress, there is no escaping history. Of course, by history he had in mind something more than voluminous chronicles of past events. If that were all there were to history many of the capital fellows and fellowesses of our time could claim to have escaped history quite smartly. Few have any recollection of the remote past, the recent past, or, for that matter, of who paid for lunch yesterday. Not only have the giants of our time escaped a knowledge of history, but they have rather nicely escaped political philosophy and a dozen or so other intellectual disciplines. Yet, as Lincoln recognized, history is more vast and elemental than dusty tomes; those who aspire to achieving great things do not ignore it.

History is time, and it works upon all of us; our only escape is via the hemlock. Think of it as a sempiternal wind blowing across the ages, across all the lands of the earth, through the forests, and into the cities and towns. At times it is nearly imperceptible. At other times it can blow one's hat off.

As the giants and beauties of an era strut and disport the winds are all around them. In occasional gusts, in gentle puff-puffs, history keeps blowing in new anxieties, new certitudes, a slight change in the hemline, a new cliché. Let the giant of an era neglect his weathercock for but a season, and suddenly he is wearing a Stevenson button when all others are for Kennedy. American flags are being set ablaze while our heedless eminence solemnizes the "American Century" or some such comforting nonce idea. Ronald Reagan has now been in the White House for five years, and the fossilized remains of yesteryear still blubber over the New Male. Sometimes even "Progressives" are left irrelevant and preposterous by a quiet shift in the winds.

This is the absurd condition of the American Liberal today, according to Alonzo Hamby, a historian in the pay of no party or political cult. Today's Liberals maunder as though 1968 were alive and everlasting. Immured in their quaint outposts, they are unaware that the winds have shifted. There has been no Black Tuesday, no Pearl Harbor, no staggering event to snap them out of the delusion that they represent a New Age of superior wisdom and virtue. Even when walloped at election time they do not smarten up. They are oblivious to the winds. Oddly enough so are the conservatives; or so it seems to me. But before taking up that depressing development consider Hamby's report. He is a rigorous scholar. We at this scholarly journal say Liberalism has cracked-up. He, less fetched by the Viennese prof, claims that it has reached a point of exhaustion. Our differences are not great: The important point is that the end of the Liberal era is no longer a subject fit for pundits and journalists. It has now passed into the purview of the historians.

In *Liberalism and Its Challengers* Hamby chronicles the metamorphosis of Liberalism from its days of brag and bounce under Franklin Roosevelt to its present drear under Ronald Reagan, two charmers with superb political instincts whom contemporary sages often underestimated. Walter Lippmann esteemed FDR " . . . a pleasant man who, without any important qualifications for the office, would very much like to be president." With more malice the sages have said much the same of Ronald Reagan. Both men, of course, marked the conclusion of an era, and both are relevant to a study of Liberalism. So are many others, such as Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King. Hamby has chosen to plot the metamorphosis of Liberalism through biographical sketches of key figures in the drama. This makes for an absorbing narrative.

Unfortunately it also overemphasizes the protagonists' influence, for Liberalism has historically been absorbed with ideas over all else, save for the fears. Naturally, then, through most of the Liberal era it is ideas that jerked and goaded the politicos, often leaving them as mere mouthpieces for the sonorous flummery of some ideological swami. Yet, as most of us are gossips at heart, and few of us are philosophers, an intellectual history emphasizing the lives of the pols is infinitely more charming than one that emphasizes the evolution of ur-ideas. Hamby's biographies tell us much that is significant about Liberalism's rise and fall. If the significance of changing Liberal ideas suffers some underemphasis that is the price we pay for art.

His judgments will come as no surprise to those who have followed the thrust and cut of this journal over past months:

> The dispiriting public events of the post-Watergate era reflected . . . the exhaustion of liberalism as the moving force that had guided the nation's destiny since FDR. During the transitional decade of the sixties, a liberal tradition in search of its outer limits underwent a change that became almost one of kind rather than degree. Securely established as the basis of a national political consensus at the time of Kennedy's election, liberalism had become quite another thing by McGovern's defeat in 1972. The reasons . . . include the logic of excess, the trauma of Vietnam, a long-standing intellectual confusion about liberalism's ultimate purpose, the rise of the New Class, and the narrowing economic possibilities of the seventies.

By the 1970s, the historian notes, there had emerged

> more clearly than ever before in the history of American liberalism an old confusion about the purpose of the liberal tradition. Was it an effort to achieve equality of opportunity or equality of result? Did it envision a liberal capitalist democracy or a social democracy? In the wake of the Great society, liberal social thought tended increasingly toward equating justice with equality.

Hamby's restrained term is "confusion." Mine will remain crack-up, and notice that the historian speaks of Liberalism as having undergone a change almost of kind rather than degree. Hence my term New Age: From 1972 on, Liberalism has been very different from its preceding editions.

Consider its decline: In FDR's day Liberals could construct a series of dams in the Tennessee Valley to bring conservation, power, and prosperity to the region. By the time of the Carter administration, New Age Liberals opposed the construction of even one dam, the Tellico, lest it discommode the snail darter, an inesculent little fish that not even Julia Child could render

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. is editor-in-chief of The American Spectator. *His most recent book is* The Liberal Crack-Up *(Simon and Schuster).*

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palatable. Liberalism's confusion in the 1970s went well beyond egalitarianism and social democracy. It lost itself in grandiosity. It claimed to be the party of personal liberty, but it also favored imposing dozens of petty coercions upon the middle class: mandatory auto seat belts, unopenable medicine bottles, regulations on business, medicine, and education.

It was for redistributing wealth through onerous taxation and limitless social engineering—for instance, restricting free association because some nitwit girl wanted to play Little League baseball or because her disagreeable ma wanted to take tea in the bar of the Union League Club. And as for the liberties that the New Age Liberals thumped for most vociferously, they were often liberties that few Americans ever wanted and that the Founding Fathers might deem criminal: the freedom to peddle smut at the corner pharmacy, to pull down one's pantaloons on the public beach, to shout "fuck" in front of church on Mother's Day—and what if mother is a feminist, boiling with the conviction that this word is "an act of violence against women"? This last example is, so far as I know, quite hypothetical, but anyone who has followed the wild vicissitudes of the past two decades knows how the Liberals' conception of free speech has changed and how their reversals on free speech are characteristic of their lack of fixity on practically all else. In the 1960s various free speech movements intent on legalizing porn drained meaning from word and deed. Today many of the same Liberals itch to ban porn, and so they invest new meaning in old words. Demonstrating once again their inability to think accurately, they insist that salacious literature is "an act of violence against women." In truth, it is neither an act of violence nor is it more degrading to women than men.

New Age Liberalism's dizzy reversals all indicate the movement's pathological condition. Not only has Liberalism lost purpose but it has lost a belief in meaning. To the dutiful Liberal of the New Age all life and all language are meaningless, subject to whatever the fickle movement wants to make of them. New Age Liberalism is the political philosophy that became drunk and disorderly in public. Beyond public indulgence it did, however, maintain one sacred purpose, that being to disturb one's neighbor. New Age Liberalism will go down in history as one of the few political philosophies whose fundamental goal was mere misdemeanor. With some Liberals it is a point of pride.

Hamby locates the beginning of the Liberals' crack-up at that time in the mid-1960s when key political figures such as Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. ceased to sound like conventional reformers and began interlarding their oratory with New Left esotericism. The 1960s was a decade of ravening reform, boosted by the drive to extend equal rights to blacks. A worthy goal that, but many of the period's reformers had an odd weakness for the malign dissections of America that were the specialty of the New Left, and soon they were in the grip of radical fevers rarely felt beyond the swales of Greenwich Village.

The conservatives are in danger of becoming as self-absorbed as the Liberals.

The fevers set in swiftly. In February 1962 Robert Kennedy could declaim, "We are going to win in Vietnam. We will remain here until we win. . . . I think the American people understand and fully support . . . a country that is trying to repel aggression with its own blood, tears, and sweat." Yet in five years, with New Age Liberalism shaking and blabbing all around him, this was his sound: "What we are doing to the Vietnamese is not very different than what Hitler did to the Jews."

The radicalization of Martin Luther King, Jr. was equally rapid and more insolent. Lyndon Johnson, the President most committed to civil rights and to welfare in this century, shoved through Congress the country's most ambitious anti-poverty program ever. His 1965 Civil Rights Bill "concluded," as Hamby puts it, "most of the work that King could do to meet the special problems of the Southern Negro." And yet within months of its passage King displayed his gratitude by denouncing Johnson's war, favoring instead a Viet Cong victory. He decried the War on Poverty as "tokenism." He was as ignorant of foreign policy as he was of domestic policy.

King introduced two radical ideas theretofore unheard of in the higher realms of American Liberalism, the ideas of "collective responsibility" for racial prejudice and "welfare rights." This was a historic break with traditional America, for Liberals had always believed in individual responsibility. As for King's idea that the citizen had a right to welfare, Hamby notes that "where the New Dealers had stressed the importance of work in exchange for federal benefits, advocates of 'welfare rights' in the 1960s denounced work requirements. Soon such a position was the new orthodoxy of American liberalism." Few Liberals objected to these radical ideas as the radicalism of King and lesser ideologues grew vegetant across the Liberal culture. King, for instance, began arguing that America had committed genocide against the Indian, that it had exploited the Third World, that it was an immoral nation. Here were foundation stones for what has come to be identified as the anti-Americanism of New Age Liberals.

King and the radicalized Kennedy enunciated what was at the time called "the New Politics." That advocates of the New Politics could not be appeased even by the vast efforts of Lyndon Johnson should have raised suspicions as to their break with earlier Liberal politics. No longer were practicalities relevant. New Age Liberals were in quest of symbolism. Politics had become a quasi-religion for the delusional.

Beneath the surfaces of the politics upon which the miracle workers and the ax-grinders postured, great changes were taking place within the electorate. Latent patriotism was pulling working class Americans away from the Democrats toward George Wallace and eventually toward the Republicans. A growing revulsion against the irrationality, intolerance, isolationism, and radicalism of New Age Liberalism was transforming Liberal intellectuals into what we call neoconservatives. Finally "the New Class" was at large. Hamby is particularly absorbed with the growth of these two groups, especially the latter. He writes:

> Almost essential to the functioning of government, the dominant force in the educational system, the tone setters of the communications media, the New Class emerged during the sixties as a suddenly powerful force in American politics and society. Relatively rootless, highly mobile professionally and geographically, anticommercial by career choice and strong conviction . . . the New Class took liberalism well to the left.

It also aroused the antipathy of the working class and of the neoconservatives, thus setting up the conditions for a healthy realignment in American politics. Hamby astutely identifies Richard Nixon's encouragement of this movement and his openness toward the neoconservatives. But in the end he is too harsh on Nixon. No President in this century faced such hatreds, and not all of those hatreds can be laid to Nixon's combative style. I doubt that either Roosevelt or Reagan could have tranquilized the protest movements of the late 1960s and early 1970s, which were irrational and beyond the law.

Watergate, as the *Wall Street Journal*'s Robert Bartley has noted, probably did allow the New Age Liberals to to drag their hallucinations through the 1970s and into the 1980s. Watergate not only led to tyranny in Southeast Asia but it also preserved the New Politics of the 1960s from certain extinction in the early 1970s. Watergate seemed to vindicate the anti-American conspiracies of the New Age Liberals. It impressed New Class types in govern-

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ment and bureaucracy of the need for still more regulations, and it allowed the New Age's absurd ideas about the victimization of large numbers of Americans to endure. Finally it set back the growth of neoconservatism, and unfortunately when Ronald Reagan came to the White House he never manifested Nixon's interest in this intellectual movement, causing it to become defensive and less expansive and imaginative than it should be.

Thus Watergate was for the New Age Liberals a glorious event. To this day many sit in wait for yet another round of similar excitement. But if it slowed the political realignment that began in the 1960s, it did not save Liberalism from the crack-up. Hamby sees the sweep of inescapable history:

> The sixties had seen a vast increase of real wealth; the seventies achieved only the illusory progress generated by a chronic, steadily worsening inflation. Liberalism consequently faced (or resolutely refused to face) the problem of how to expand in a stagnant economy that created even more clients for expensive, ambitious social welfare programs. Redistributionism could not be carried into the ranks of the middle class without touching off a political upheaval. Tax rates probed the limits of public tolerance. The military budget was cut back about as far as possible after Vietnam. Yet under Nixon, Ford, and Carter, liberal programs in social welfare, environmental reform, and business regulation expanded without regards to means; for a time, in fact, the preponderance of American liberal thought embraced a no-growth economic philosophy that left redistributionism as the only means of paying the bills.

Ladies and gentlemen, that is history. Hamby's scholarship and judgments are a model in objectivity. He not only scorns bias left or right, but as a historian is scrupulous about not holding the pols to the nonpolitical standards of an academic. This is an admirable work that should be as useful to public figures as it is to students of history and intelligent readers in general.

Understandably, New Age Liberals are not celebrating this book. What is puzzling is that conservatives have ignored it, too. Over the years certain ideas have seized them and been widely whooped up. Why are they neglecting a major cause for celebration? Allow me a sour speculation. They are not free of the gloom that the New Age Liberals have spread through our culture. You will find very little of this moroseness at this famous intellectual review, but amongst conservatives elsewhere there is vague fretfulness and peevishness. There is dullness and lack of imagination. What will the conservatives say about the problems of the late 1980s? Few have given the matter thought. Too many live for the battles of the moment and of the past. In Washington, they are locked in great struggles over small matters, a piece of legislation here, a political appointment there. All are doubtless important in their place, but considering what is happening in the Republic these struggles are small beer. A political era has ended. The heirs and assigns of Liberalism have lost touch with the electorate and with the needs of the time. Will the conservatives step in with confidence and useful proposals?

I, for one, am in doubt. Too many seem to revel in being beleaguered. Too many flinch from showing the assurance and autonomy that are the characteristics of a governing party. There is timorousness. There is smallness both amongst the politicos and the eggheads. There is evidence, too, that the conservatives feel in their heart of hearts that they are inferior to the profs, the pols, the bureaucrats, and the other magnificoes of New Age Liberalism. Despite their sound and fury, one suspects that the conservatives merely react to the tastes and the sallies of Liberals, notwithstanding how ludicrous the Liberals have become in the New Age. The conser-

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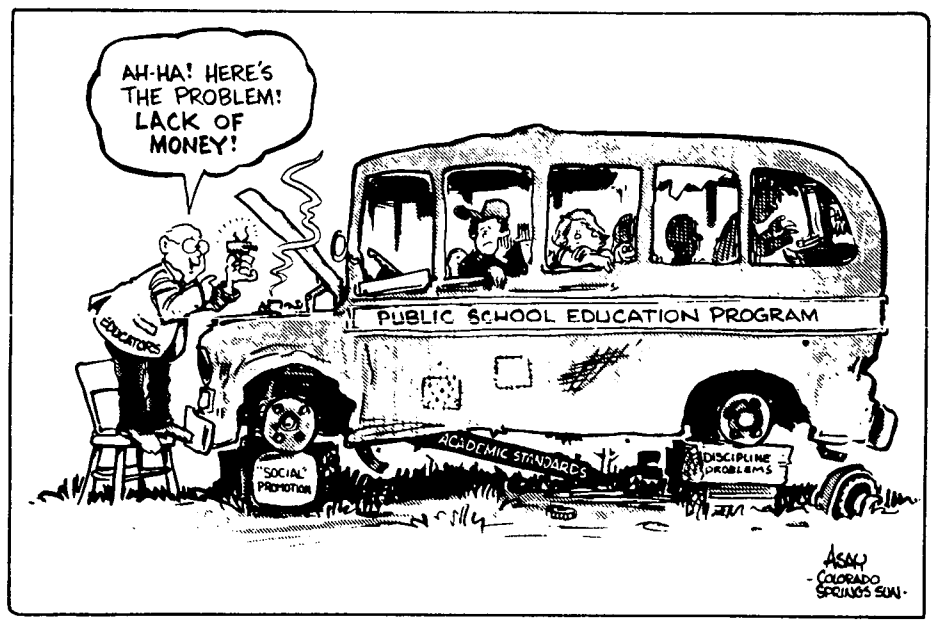

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We expect to be regularly evaluated by our students, fellow teachers, and administrators. And we demand to be paid and promoted on the basis of merit as determined by those evaluations. In the interests of improving our skills as teachers, we deserve to be informed of our strengths and weaknesses. We then should be rewarded on the basis of our progress and ability. Equal pay for unequal work is unjust and it encourages mediocrity.

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vatives are in danger of becoming as self-absorbed as the Liberals. They will not celebrate Hamby's findings until the Liberals acknowledge them. Ronald Reagan is their bit of good luck, but he will be gone from them in time. Then, if they do not show a largeness of spirit and imagination, you can be sure history will pass them by. I see no signs that they have in their number another historic figure. □

THE LIBERAL MIND IN A CONSERVATIVE AGE

Richard H. Pells/Harper & Row/$18.95

Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.

The Liberal Mind in a Conservative Age, by Richard H. Pells, is a study of American "liberal" intellectuals in the 1940s and '50s. Mr. Pells uses "liberal" in what he calls "its loosest possible sense," meaning left, although not as a rule, with a few exceptions like Lillian Hellman, left radical. (The degree of Miss Hellman's list to port depended on circumstances and her convenience, but some of the time, at least, her emotions led her all the way to Stalinism.) I dislike the corruption of the word "liberal," which my 1929 Webster defines as "broad-minded; not bigoted" and also as "not bound by established forms in political or religious philosophy; independent in opinion," just as I dislike the use of "gay" to mean homosexual, but in both cases my resistance seems hopeless. "Liberal" has passed into the political lexicon as the antithesis of conservative—perhaps because few American politicians, not even George McGovern or Edward M. Kennedy, see much advantage in describing themselves as left-wingers. For that matter equally few, not even William F. Buckley, Jr., like to label themselves "right-wingers."

Mr. Pells is generally partial to the left-liberal (and sometimes the left-radical) ideology: He seems to be in favor of "authentic social democracy," whatever that may mean. He lists the trials of Alger Hiss and the Rosenbergs, "conducted by Truman's Department of Justice from evidence assembled by the FBI" (as if that were enough to condemn them) and "the labor movement's expulsion of its Communist-dominated unions" (which was led by Phil Murray, the president of the CIO, and with which the Truman Administration had little to do) as forms of McCarthyism. Mr. Pells is given to pontificating on historical and military matters without knowing very much about either. It is simply wrong to equate Auschwitz with the Allied bombing of German cities (all of which, except Dresden in February 1945, contained war production facilities and communications networks which could be attacked in no other way), or the dropping of atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki: Henry L. Stimson was probably right when he argued that the two atomic bombs caused fewer casualties than would have resulted from an invasion of the Japanese home islands, given the fanatical defense which the Japanese could have been expected to put up.

In many ways the 1940s and '50s should have been a golden age for the liberal eggheads. All but a few of them had recovered from the Stalinist plague which had been epidemic in the thirties. During World War II, for a wonder, they had supported the war aims of the Allies and contributed, in their fashion, to the victory; a few of them had actually shouldered rifles. (They had always been immune to the Nazi disease. I have never understood why intellectuals as a group are so resistant to the lies of the far right [except for Ezra Pound, who was clearly insane] and so eager to believe those of the far left.) Some of them, to their everlasting credit, had abandoned Stalinism even before Stalin formally aligned himself with Hitler in 1939. Pells mentions James T. Farrell (but for some reason overlooks John Dos Passos). Farrell deserves particular credit, because his retreat from the extreme left went no further than genuine liberalism and a sort of moderate democratic socialism. It may be noted that both his writing and his politics are still vilified by the orthodox lefties.

But intellectuals, especially those of leftish leanings, are constitutionally incapable of being content for very long, and they soon became restive after the end of World War II. A major source of their unhappiness was the very fact that they could not find much to deplore in the condition of the United States during the fifteen years or so which are the subject of the book. For a while they wanted to dump Harry Truman in favor of a real progressive like Henry Wallace, but a number of factors broke up that love affair. (The shift away from Wallace was led by the *New Republic,* always a bellwether.) Truman turned out to be the true heir of Roosevelt on civil rights, the alleviation of poverty, and other domestic issues dear to liberal hearts. Few intellectuals of any variety could oppose the Marshall Plan. The Soviet Union's brutal eradication of every trace of freedom or democracy in Eastern Europe made it impossible for all but the most wide-eyed peaceniks to deny that there were reasons for the Cold War other than American imperialism. And Wallace by 1948 was clearly under the thumbs of the apparatchiks of the Communist Party USA, although he made occasional feeble struggles to assert his independence. (Mr. Pells avoids such coarseness in describing Wallace's relations with the Communists, but his delicately phrased account seems to me to say much the same thing.)

The liberals were rescued by Senator Joe McCarthy. Here was a politician, and for several years a very powerful one, whom all shades of liberal opinion could join in condemning. McCarthy was not, as some of them said, an American Hitler, but he was an unscrupulous demagogue and a liar, as almost everyone except a few members of the far right recognizes today. He actually made anti-Communism appear disreputable. He was not, in my opinion, a genuine conservative, or a genuine anything else, but he could be and was described as such, and many conservatives, including Dwight D. Eisenhower, were afraid to challenge him. Some, such as Senators Everett Dirksen and Karl Mundt, and to a degree even Robert A. Taft ("Go to it, Joe"), actually supported him. (Mr. Pells overlooks them all, but it must in fairness be conceded that out of the whole crowd only Taft could be described as an "intellectual.")

But Mr. Pells overpraises some of the people who fought McCarthy and McCarthyism. He says, for example, that Lillian Hellman deserves "more than praise or respect" for being one of the "small band among the intelligentsia" who resisted McCarthy. The band wasn't all that small, and in Miss Hellman's case not much courage was required to sass back to the Senator. She was not an office-holder or an office-seeker, and the sort of people who read her books or saw her plays were not likely to be deterred by Senator Joe. He never succeeded in sending anyone to jail for refusing to cooperate with him, and when it came to vilification she could hold her own with Joe (or Mary) McCarthy or any other virtuoso practitioner of the art. It is comparable to Pells's naive observation that "the demonstrators of the 1960s . . . were taking authentic risks, testing themselves against the power of the state and the encrusted shibboleths [how does an encrusted shibboleth differ from an ordinary one?] of the Cold War." In fact only the most violent, and not many of them, ever went to jail.

The book is much too long. Mr. Pells has waded through a depressing quantity of polemical writing, much of it long and justly forgotten and much of it by people who in retrospect seem of less than earthshaking significance—e.g., Max Lerner, Bruce Bliven, Walton Hamilton, C. Wright Mills. (Mills, the Father of the New Left, seems to have been less of a sloganeering ass than most of his disciples, but Mr. Pells's summary of his thinking leaves me full of gratitude that I need never read the original.) But he has also summarized the work of some more important thinkers, notably Hannah Arendt (who, before Jeane Kirkpatrick, perceived the difference between totalitarianism and traditional varieties of despotism) and Dwight Macdonald.

Mr. Pells's industry, although somewhat excessive, is to be commended. His own political judgments seem to me rather less admirable. But *The Liberal Mind in a Conservative Age* is at least a useful reference work on a transitional period in the ideology of the left-wing intelligentsia. □

Joseph W. Bishop, Jr. was the Sam Harris Professor of Law at the Yale Law School.

On Sunday May 19, Joseph W. Bishop, Jr. died at his home in New Haven, Connecticut. Thus passes a rare specimen. When liberalism began to crack up, Bishop held on to all the good sense and love of liberty that characterized its best proponents. As the liberals transformed themselves into fanatics, Bishop maintained his balance, displaying a reverence for the commonweal over and above reverence for himself. He wrote the first serious analysis of the American Civil Liberties Union's drift from vigilance for due process to politicization of the kind that has turned so many former liberals into the gaggle of shanty intellectuals now claiming that label. Joseph Bishop was a gentleman and a friend of civilized values.

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THE PENTAGON AND THE ART OF WAR: THE QUESTION OF MILITARY REFORM

Edward N. Luttwak/Institute for Contemporary Studies–Simon and Schuster/$17.95

John F. Lehman

The Pentagon and the Art of War is Edward Luttwak's initial sortie out from the comforts of armchair theory and into the hard realm of high strategy-making: shaping the defense councils wherein strategy itself is shaped. Unlike his earlier works on the military arts, this book is a political treatise: from its pamphleteer's dust-jacket ("A Plan for Drastic! Fundamental! Reform!"); through its sweeping prescriptions that include the very subdivisions of the new central staff he proposes; right down to its final advice on how to push the changes through.

Political pamphlets are usually underpinned by reference to the facts, and this book is no exception. Sometimes unintentionally, it ably catalogues the evils that previous theories have saddled upon our defenses. Layers of bureaucracy left to us by the early centralizers have been multiplied by more than three decades of legislated, organizational growth. The devotion to numbers-crunching that was raised to a high art by Robert McNamara's systems analysts has turned up again in the work of the remote, anonymous central defense agencies of today (an obsession eerily recapitulated in the mind-boggling repetition of numbers and percentages presented as "evidence" in this book). On the Hill, thirty-two congressional committees and subcommittees provide room and board for the "large band of staff experts"—committee staffs have risen from 910 in 1963 to more than 3,000 today—who stand ready to second-guess the proper shape for cruiser hulls, or the optimal firepower of new attack aircraft, or the dire need for a new base in Woebegone. A mountain of related paperwork annually moves to Mohammed, as the Pentagon responds to the demand for reports, studies, expert testimony, and "action" correspondence.

Edward Luttwak excoriates all this, while laying a well-needed emphasis on the "intangibles" of effective military power—morale, strategy, training, leadership. But these elements of the text have been far outweighed in the eyes of the anti-defense crowd by the book's relentless criticism of what the military buys and how it is organized—a critique from a "right-wing defense expert" that has been eagerly welcomed as support for their budget-cutting views.

This response has apparently surprised and discomfited Luttwak, though he should have expected it. The fact is that amid earnest and repeated protestations of regard for the "patriotic dedication, high skill and fighting courage" of our armed forces, *The Pentagon and the Art of War* proceeds to blame the military for every failure, near-failure, and seeming failure of our defense policies. It reserves its chief fire for the military services—the Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Force—whose "bureaucratic interests" have apparently stymied the plans of right-minded defense experts.

The services' clout is symbolized in the text by their "huge" headquarters, which "dominate" defense planning. Here, Luttwak would have been wise to probe a little more deeply into the statistics of which he is so fond. It is *central* bureaucracies that have grown—the Organization of the Joint Chiefs from its theoretical 400 officers to a grand 2,000; the central defense agencies[1] now number eleven, with a total of some 85,000 staffers—while Service headquarters have gone quite the other direction: their staffs halving since 1963, along with a similar reduction in the staffs of the Service Secretariats.

In the end, this plan for drastic! fundamental! reform! would in fact merely continue this trend, further centralizing the military into one great National Defense Staff (far removed from any direct operational expertise or responsibility) under an equally remote Chief whose job it would be to develop the "true choices of national military strategy." The choices preferred by Luttwak are abundantly clear: the diminution of our maritime strength.

Here we come to the heart of Luttwak's argument. For if his prescriptions for national strategy are not the admitted subject of this book, they are surely its subtext. Luttwak is a continentalist, noted for earlier books on land-powers large (the USSR), small (Israel), and ancient (Rome). In applying their "lessons" to American defense, two critical errors result. Leaving barely explored the differing needs of land and maritime powers, Luttwak exaggerates the relative weight of the Navy and Marine Corps in the funding of American defense. And, obsessed with the land-forces of our major adversary, the Soviet Union, he baldly denies the importance of naval power in American national strategy.

On the first subject, it is sufficient to note that the book's charge that the Navy "receives the lion's share" of recent defense increases would be true only if one willfully chooses to disregard the other two lions on the same plain. In fact, the Navy received the *smallest* percentage increase of all the services over the past four years. Indeed, the combined Navy and Marine budget actually declined as a percentage of the defense budget. The United States *is* restoring our sadly depleted naval and amphibious forces, it is true—but with an efficiency and effectiveness this book fears to admit.

With respect to the role of maritime power in a conflict with the land-based forces of the Soviet Union, the book's message is encapsulated by its coy sneer at the unlikelihood of an amphibious assault on the Soviet Union. The USSR is a continental power, to be sure. But *we* are not. The United States is dependent on the seas—in peace, for our commerce; in war, for commerce, the projection of power, and the effective use of our whole armed forces. Bleeding our maritime capabilities would ultimately reduce us to fist-shaking from our shores. The fact is that without naval superiority, this nation could not win *any* war with the Soviet Union—and thus could not deter one.

Our ability to deter such a confrontation also depends on our ability to meet the Kremlin's global, often indirect, imperialist ambitions—from Central America to the South Pacific. That ambition, and increasing capability, is well illustrated by the massive growth in the Soviet Navy, beginning in the 1960s—long before our recent commitment to restoring our maritime strength. For a land-power, the Soviet Union displays a knowing appreciation of the use of naval force. We would be foolish to do less.

Fundamentally, American strategy now wisely depends on due attention to every element of our military power—continental, air, and maritime. This demands a complex, realistic approach—and you will find few hands-on leaders, civilian *or* military, who will shirk this responsibility.

This may well be frustrating to the amateur Bismarcks among us who possess a different solution to our daily strategic challenges, and are hoping for a single throne and a pliable monarch to implement their plans. Indeed, Luttwak's appeal for an all-powerful Defense Chief to champion his ideas is put forward with all the passionate yearning of a grand vizier in search of a king.

Such desires, however, are most undemocratic. In defense as in domestic affairs, policy here is made by an elected, *civilian* leadership, not a military one. It is precisely our civilian leadership, the silent factor in this book, which has in the past created the massive bureaucracies, and has permitted and sometimes *required* the sloppy management practices which have hampered our defense capabilities. It is civilian leadership in the Defense Department which is now working to turn that situation around by *cutting* bureaucracy, not adding to it, and it is also civilian leadership to whom Luttwak would now turn for the political backing to put his own theories into practice.

Politics, Winston Churchill once observed, is almost as exciting as war—and quite as dangerous. The excitement engendered by this little political sortie may be Luttwak's; but the dangers it presents are ours. ☐

John F. Lehman is Secretary of the Navy.

[1]Can you name just three? (Defense Security Assistance Agency; National Security Agency; Defense Contract Audit Agency; Defense Intelligence Agency; Defense Investigative Service; Defense Logistics Agency; Defense Mapping Agency; Defense Nuclear Agency; Defense Communications Agency; Defense Advanced Research Project Agency; Defense Legal Services Agency.)

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BACKFIRE: A HISTORY OF HOW AMERICAN CULTURE LED US INTO VIETNAM AND MADE US FIGHT THE WAY WE DID

Loren Baritz/William Morrow/$17.95

Eric J. Sundquist

While its cathartic effects cannot be measured quickly, April's belated autopsy on America's role in Vietnam revealed most of all the war's continuing capacity to engender platitudes and contradiction. Along with the blizzard of print that accompanied the tenth anniversary of Saigon's fall, television's trite assessments of the war and the quality of life in the new Vietnam mixed timeless images with timely revelations of another nation passing into the great Marxist twilight. Indeed, as Ted Koppel's awkward "Nightline" interview with Le Duc Tho suggested, perhaps America still represents to many Vietnamese the shining "city upon a hill." It obviously does to the one million boat people who have fled their own "liberation," not to mention the masses of refugees from the killing fields camped on the borders of the newly unified Indochina.

Loren Baritz's passionate indictment of American policy in Vietnam, which "backfired" time and again, is long on sarcastic comments about John Winthrop's 1630 promise that America "shall be as a City upon a Hill" and remarkably short on boat people and killing fields. His tracing of the idea of America's beacon-like promise—from the Puritans to the Founding Fathers to Woodrow Wilson to the Kennedy and Johnson administrations (and on to Ronald Reagan)—raises important questions about the *mythical* dimensions of our involvement in Southeast Asia and the subconscious expectations that have underlain estimates of our own global responsibilities and power. In his view, a faith in "God's Country and American Know-How" (to cite the title of his opening chapter) doomed us to a spiritually enervating experience from which we have neither recovered nor learned anything.

But if the best and the brightest were blinded by the light of American goodness and invincibility, Baritz, in his utter denigration of the myth, is blind to countervailing realities. Or, as Douglas Kinnard put it in *The War Managers* (1977), the fall of Saigon illustrated that "the light at the end of the tunnel had been reached, and it was red." There is no red in Baritz's picture—only black, the charred remains of American purpose. By defining American culture as a fatal combination of moral arrogance, technological sophistication, and bureaucratic cold-bloodedness, but neglecting altogether the enemies we fought, his central claim is amply proved: "We are what went wrong in Vietnam."

Any number of Baritz's criticisms of the war's justifications and conduct have merit and have been made by others as well. The lack of clearly defined objectives throughout the chain of command; the corruption and ineptitude of Saigon and the ARVN; the confusion over proper strategy and acceptable tactics; the distorted information about the war's progress generated by politicians, military leaders, and the media alike—most of this is now taken for granted. Baritz's account is unique, however, in its appreciation of the demonism he discovers to be latent in even the best of our intentions. With the vice of hindsight one might expect from a still embattled opponent of the war (but not, perhaps, from a professional historian), he finds all of the war's rationales and policies to be perversions of moral and technological power—lies compounding the escalating deceptions practiced by three commanders-in-chief and their wily subordinates.

The book's jacket quotes an enthusiastic Henry Steele Commager: "It is the first full-length and scholarly account of why we got into Vietnam in the first place, why we fought it as barbarously as the Japanese in Manchuria or the Germans in Poland, and why we deserved to lose it." The misleading half-truths of this description are less bothersome than the unwarranted claim made for Baritz's scholarly achievement, which in its selective marshaling of evidence reduces the familiar "chain" of our gradual involvement (doctrine of containment, Cold War, domino theory, Kennedy machismo, and so on) to a doomed maneuver to "invent" in our own image a South Vietnam that could be "saved" from Communism. Our legitimate fears of Chinese and Soviet expansion—not to mention South Vietnam's own fears—are made to seem stupid; the cliché of a Vietnamese "civil war," if not explicitly defended, is nevertheless deceptively invoked; and our reliance on lavish firepower and a war of attrition (in place of an effective strategy, deemed politically unfeasible, that could have taken the war to the enemy) is characterized not as mistaken or tragic but simply barbaric. We were in Vietnam, Baritz writes in a deep philosophical moment, "to prove that our word is our bomb."

In many key areas useful available scholarship is steadfastly slighted or ignored in order to put forward the worst case. For example, Baritz portrays the

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NLF as a "local revolutionary movement only in part directed by the North," a movement strengthened by the "random rain" of American ordnance. The countering evidence of Hanoi's instrumental commanding role, its infiltration of men and matériel, and the widespread use of terror (all beginning as early as 1959) is clear enough today. It has also been laid out periodically, for those who have been interested, in such works as Douglas Pike's *Viet Cong* (1966), Jeffrey Race's *War Comes to Long An* (1972), and Guenter Lewy's *America in Vietnam* (1978), to note just three works of scholarship that seem to have made little impression on Baritz. Likewise, despite condemning the CIA's "outrageous intelligence failure" when it insisted that supplies came primarily along the Ho Chi Minh Trail rather than also through Sihanoukville, as the military claimed, Baritz blithely bypasses obvious questions about the source of aggression and our frustrated conduct of a limited war. Accepting the sideshow thesis as scripture, he maintains that it was only upon Nixon's incursion of 1970 that "Cambodia was shoved into a murderous war [and] North Vietnam widened its war throughout Indochina." Needless to say, *Backfire* makes no mention of the Khmer Rouge or Pol Pot. They too were no doubt "local revolutionaries" and, like virtually everything that happened in Indochina after the American withdrawal, inconvenient to Baritz's repeated claim that Hanoi's war was conducted for the "unification of their country."

For all practical purposes, Hanoi does not exist in Baritz's demonology. If a 1950s campaign of "land reform in the North involved mass terror, with thousands of peasants executed by the Vietminh," it was "an action for which Ho later apologized." And why not, if later American historians—like sixties celebrants of the North Vietnamese pastoral—would take him at his word?

Such simplicity conceals from view the fact that Hanoi had a *strategy*, while the United States, as Baritz certainly demonstrates, did not. This point has also been made in a number of military accounts of the war, most cogently in Harry Summers's *On Strategy* (1982), which Baritz superficially cites in order to charge Summers, "true to his trade," with "[sweeping] politics under the rug." Yet Baritz's manic tirade against our "trinitarian faith: in military power, technological superiority, and altruistic idealism" could only benefit from taking seriously Summers's essential point, that we waged war against the *symptoms* of aggression rather than the aggressor himself. To say as much would hardly necessitate any endorsement of the war; but it would require Baritz to turn from his single-minded fascination with American arrogance to a global and historically responsible perspective, and to renounce his embarrassing comparison of America's illusion of "superiority" to the Christian crusades, Islamic holy war, and Nazism. Ironically, it is the civilian Baritz, not Colonel Summers (or General Kinnard or Colonel Dave Richard Palmer in *The Summons of the Trumpet* or General Bruce Palmer, Jr. in *The 25-Year War*) who ultimately sweeps politics under the rug and lapses into the wisdom of idiotic aphorisms. "If we wish to live off fairy tales," he writes in a representative fit, "it may be instructive to remember that the tooth fairy demands a piece of our children before she pays up." Would it be indiscreet to ask what she has demanded of the South Vietnamese?

Given Baritz's unusual conception of culture, it is no surprise that there were few heroes (on our side) in the war. Predictably, John Wayne is its anti-hero. The tiny ritual citation of veterans' support of the war is dwarfed by Baritz's unbalanced emphasis on drugs, desertions, mutinies, riots, atrocities, and murder among the troops, as well as his excited discovery that some soldiers found high-tech weaponry to be erotic. (Baritz draws on Norman Mailer, our Aristotle of the lower organs, to show how Americans trained "to use the internal combustion engine as a surrogate for sex" could easily develop a thirst for gook blood.) The pages devoted to My Lai accurately depict its terrible dimensions. But here as elsewhere Baritz might have learned something from Lewy's fully researched study of the range of much-criticized American tactics, which examines American "war crimes" in the crucial contexts of our ambiguous rules of engagement, press distortions, and the international laws of war. Apparently, Baritz considered such information irrelevant to his atavistic picture of American "culture."

The most fevered part of his autopsy is performed on the current remains of America, today transfigured into a Frankenstein monster constructed of technocratic engineering, the management ideals of big business, and—strangest of all—the bureaucratization of university life. This terrifying specter, according to the former provost of the University of Massachusetts and chancellor of the State University of New York, derives from our military-political models during Vietnam: "The analogy of the body count in Vietnam is the head count in academia and the bottom line in industry. . . . Does the subordinate's work make a contribution to the function (killing guerrillas, educating the young, selling merchandise) of the organization?" Whatever value Baritz's commentary on the war's "management" might have is undermined by such melodramatic excursions into the sophistry of the flower generation. His America is no helpless giant but a "barbarian . . . at large in the world," still high on the drugs of technology and indulging the killer instinct of democracy.

Considering the combination of fatalism and contempt for America some academics evidence, this is a book that was bound to be written. Its intent, says Baritz, is to save us from ourselves and force us to "risk unilateral intelligence." Consumed by bitterness, the book itself takes that risk—and fails, becoming the scholarly equivalent of our congressional betrayal of South Vietnam after 1973. *Backfire* is history as jeremiad, the greening of America turned inward, dark and rank. The "city upon a hill" may not be Los Angeles, but we can be sure it is not Ho Chi Minh City. □

DISABLING AMERICA: THE "RIGHTS INDUSTRY" IN OUR TIME

Richard E. Morgan/Basic Books/$16.95

William Tucker

Richard Morgan is the kind of crusty professor you would love to have in college. He can argue the most abstruse legal point with delicious subtlety, then zero into the heart of the matter with an aphorism right out of the vernacular.

He is also very courageous. In *Disabling America*, he has elected to take on the majority of his colleagues in academia, plus the consensus of opinion in the law schools, most of the legal profession, and the better part of the nation's courts—people whom he admits are "remarkably bright," but seem to have "an essential piece of intellectual equipment . . . not in working order."

The "rights industry," he says, has successfully turned the nation's courts into small legislatures. When liberals and moralists want to remold society—or raid the public treasuries on behalf of their favorite causes—they no longer even consider the task of assembling sympathetic public majorities.

Instead, they head for the nation's courts. There they find a whole generation of judicial activists ready to stamp out new "rights" as casually and carelessly as a beleaguered banana republic might speed up the presses on its disintegrating currency.

Want to start society off on some new crusade? Just define the issue as a matter of "rights" and proceed from there. Thus, mental patients now have a "constitutional right" to "adequate treatment," whatever that may mean. They also, of course, have a "constitutional right" to refuse such treatment, which they usually do. Women have a constitutional right to abortion. Jail inmates have a constitutional right to a private cell and a personal psychiatrist. Drunks have a right to get drunk in public, and vagrants have a right to be vagrant. Anyone who thinks otherwise is committing the cardinal sin of "prejudice" and "discrimination."

Don't bother looking for any of these new-found "rights" in the Constitution, of course. Thinking in those terms only proves you have missed the point of the new "noninterpretive" constitutional law.

These new "rights," if you must know, come directly out of the heads of "noninterpretive" lawyers, judges, and academics. "Interpretive" constitutional law—the old-fashioned, discredited kind—means paying attention to the original Constitution and trying to proceed out of some vague notion of what the Founding Fathers might have had in mind. "Noninterpretation," on the other hand—now much the rage in law schools—means starting with your own feelings about what is right and wrong, and then reading it all back into the Constitution.

The results are something like the system preached by Laurence Tribe, the contemporary rights guru and Harvard law professor, often mentioned as a possible Democratic appointment to the federal judiciary. Tribe states baldly that the traditional relationship between the state and the individual has been "ruptured beyond repair." Government, he says, now has an af-

William Tucker is a contributing editor of Harper's.

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firmative duty to "respond to a substantive vision of the needs of the human personality." He recommends a constitutional system based on "personal growth and self-realization." The Constitution, we must assume, is really not that much different from those old manifestoes that used to come out of the Esalen Institute.

•

All this would be silly enough if it didn't serve as a claw hammer for courts to pry into the most pedestrian details of everyday life. Thus, judges routinely manage school districts, review the blueprints for jails, set the ground rules for cheerleader tryouts, write the scripts for police interrogations, and engage in the kind of specialized social minutiae that even paternalistic monarchies might find embarrassing.

"Over the past twenty years," Morgan writes, "the American law of civil rights and liberties has been increasingly manipulated, redefined, and expanded at the urging of people with little understanding or sympathy for the traditions and ideas on which this body of law is properly based. A consequence . . . has been to marginally disable major American institutions, both governmental and private. It has also rendered more difficult the already daunting task of maintaining minimum standards of public manners and morals."

Most people, of course, know this instinctively. One of the most common scenes in American life has become the mob of frustrated people being dragooned through some ordeal by a court order from some anonymous federal judge. But few of us understand exactly *why* we feel this frustration. Morgan makes it all explicit. Reading his book is like sitting down for a few sessions with a good psychiatrist.

There are law books floating around, for example, urging the Supreme Court to think of itself as "the moral conscience of society." Unleashing the Supreme Court, according to Professor Michael Perry of Northwestern Law School, should remedy "what would otherwise be a serious defect in American government—the absence of any policy-making institution that regularly deals with fundamental political-moral problems other than by mechanical reference to established moral convictions."

Law professors talk casually about a "guardian democracy"—a phrase lifted right out of Plato's prescription for government-by-the-intellectuals. Paul Brest, of Stanford Law School, sums it up best: "We simply do not believe that 'majorities' and legislatures are willing or able to engage in serious, reflective moral discourse."

But if majorities and legislatures are irrelevant to the lawmaking process, who is left to govern? Why the courts, of course, serving as a forum where college professors, lawyers, and intellectuals can convene regularly to set down the proper moral scriptures for the rest of society.

Intellectuals and lawyers, however, are not neutral parties. They have their own predilections, to which they are always peculiarly purblind. The result is what Judge Robert Bork has called the "gentrification of the Constitution." "Noninterpretivism leads a judge to find constitutional values in himself," Morgan quotes Bork as saying. As a result, "values which might loosely be described as characteristic of the university-educated upper middle class will be those that are imposed" on the rest of society.

By discounting legislatures as "mere politics"—and even dismissing presidential elections as meaningless "personality contests"—the liberal intelligentsia justifies the court-ordered superimposition of its own agenda on the rest of society. Whereas ordinary people's desires are only reflected in "majorities" and "legislation," the principles of the upper-middle class can be "discovered" in the Constitution.

Morgan surveys the broad swath of American social issues where the "rights industry" has been able to practice government-without-consent.

•*Church and state:* The enforcement of the "establishment clause" has become an effort to weaken and isolate the church from all other institutions in American society. The federal government can use its vast resources to support, sanction, and finance all kinds of social institutions—*except* organized religions.

Thus, a New York State court recently upheld a prison inmate's objections to submitting to rectal searches by female guards—not on the grounds of common decency, but on his claim that it violated the constitutionally protected principles of his Muslim faith. At the same time, New York City is demanding the Catholic Church renounce its age-old opposition to homosexuality, or give up administering state-supported social welfare programs that the church has sponsored for decades.

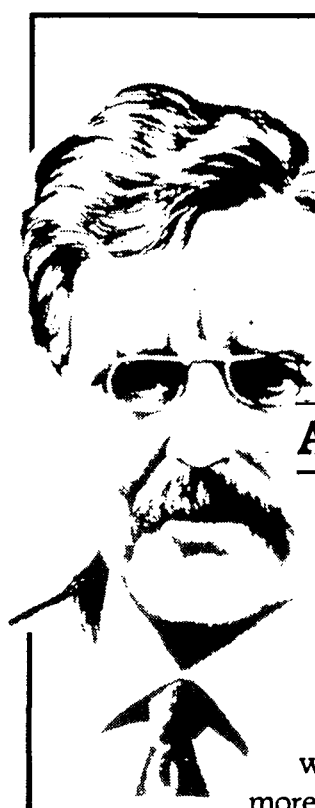
Individual Muslims have rights, homosexuals have rights—only *organized* churches don't have rights. (They are, after all, rival institutions of the government.) The First Amendment, which only required that the government treat all religions equally, has come to mean that the government must treat all religions with equal contempt.

•*Criminal practice:* The Warren Court tried to take all the "coercion" out of police interrogation. This is a little like taking the apple out of apple sauce. Police interrogation, Morgan notes, is inherently coercive. Trying to eliminate persistence and sharp questioning by the police essentially means eliminating interrogation altogether.

"There seems to be a failure among most gently reared, socially sheltered, and comfortably middle-class lawyers," writes Morgan, "of that portion of the human spiritual range which the Greeks called *thumos*—that righteous anger which stiffens the will so that men may undertake unpleasant and even dangerous tasks to protect the community and sustain its values."

•*Public order:* In the 1960s, the Warren Court repealed the public-drunkenness laws because they discriminated against drunks, and the vagrancy laws because they discriminated against vagrants. The result has been a disestablishment of all the unwritten, common-sense rules that people use to maintain public order. As Morgan notes, "Routine order maintenance by the police matters deeply to ordinary people who do not live in monied enclaves where private security guards and electronic systems take care of such things."

As a result, informal social practices for *preventing* crimes have been all but abandoned. An obviously deranged person like John Hinckley, for example, can be stopped several times by the police for acting strangely, arrested for carrying firearms onto an airplane, overheard muttering to himself by several reporters in a restricted press section outside the Washington Hilton, and still run into no obstacles in firing a clear shot at a President from twenty feet away. Quoting historian Peter Shaw, Morgan notes: "The pendulum has swung so far from a rigid conception of propriety in public that, for the crowd gathered outside the Hilton, bad manners would have consisted in ob-



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jecting to behavior like Hinckley's."

What is most beautiful about Morgan's argument is that it is all framed in a sublime understanding of constitutional law.

The Constitution, Morgan illustrates, is an elegantly crafted framework within which we can resolve our differences—not a do-it-yourself manual for handing down rules and regulations to the populace 200 years hence.

"The original six articles and Amendments One through Eight . . . are written in a majestic and general idiom—not the language of a corporate charter or a municipal bond issue," writes Morgan. "Everyone, across the spectrum of constitutional politics, agrees that this choice of idiom was meant to afford flexibility to future generations in applying the language to ever changing circumstances. The general language was meant . . . to allow for 'a living Constitution.'"

The trouble is that "the generality, or 'open texture' of the constitutional language is a continuing source of temptation to contemporary constitutional lawyers. They itch to fill up the loose fabric with social policy not remotely related to anything the framers were concerned about."

The Founding Fathers' formulation for "filling up the fabric of society" was simple—go out and pass legislation. Form a consensus and try to persuade the majority to adopt your point of view.

But of course today's university-and-media-based intelligentsia has no tolerance for such painstaking efforts, and no relish for dealing with the sensible skepticism of their fellow citizens. It has little respect for the common opinion of mankind, and harbors a secret contempt for those who cannot share its utopian vision of society.

So instead, it shortcuts the process by defining each new issue as a "right," and "discovering" it in the Constitution. (The phrase was popularized by Supreme Court Justice William Douglas, who had an absolutely prescient ability for "discovering" things in the Constitution that could escape everyone else's closest scrutiny.)

"Idealists," writes Morgan, "are always fundamentally alienated from the societies in which they find themselves. . . . My purpose is not to persuade radical idealists that they ought to like America more. . . . What I do argue is that prescriptions for constitutional and other legal adjustment of the present order (to which the vast majority of Americans are positively committed) written by people who are indifferent toward it, or who actively despise it, should be received with suspicion."

The patron saint of such judicial restraint has always been Oliver Wendell Holmes, who expressed it best in one opinion where he wrote: "If the majority of the people want to pass a law, and I can't find anything that's unconstitutional about it, even if I don't agree with it, I say they have every right to go ahead and pass it."

Such opinions, however, have almost always been issued in dissent. Holmes himself ran against the grain of a conservative nineteenth-century Supreme Court that wanted to strike down every piece of social legislation, ill-advised or not, on the grounds that it was "unconstitutional." As Holmes himself expressed it, "The Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics.*"

It is unlikely that there will ever be a majority of Justice Holmeses on the Supreme Court. Instead, the courts seem to act as a flywheel for American democracy, often a generation out of phase with the majority opinion in the other two branches.

There seems little doubt that the "rights industry" may find itself in retreat over the coming years. President Reagan will probably be able to appoint a clear conservative majority to the Supreme Court, and the lower federal judiciary may start listing toward the conservative side as well.

Let us hope, then, that the new justices do not simply use their ascendancy to enforce a new elite vision on American society. Let us hope, instead, that they use the opportunity to practice judicial restraint and restore true legislative powers where the Constitution intended them to be—in the hands of the people's duly elected representatives.

It may be worth keeping *Disabling America* on your bookshelf for a while. In a few years, it may be relevant in an entirely different context. □

EXODUS AND REVOLUTION
Michael Walzer/Basic Books/$17.95

William McGurn

I am come to deliver them out of the hands of the Egyptians, and to bring them out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey . . .
—Exodus 3:8

Deep down in the murky recesses of the Western world's collective consciousness, few visions have exerted as powerful a pull as that of the Promised Land. Whatever the particular interpretation attached to the biblical account of Exodus—whether it be the *novus ordo seclorum* of America's Founding Fathers or the classless Christian society called for by modern-day liberation theologians—the thrust of the story is clear. The Exodus story deals with the deliverance of the children of Israel from the yoke of Egyptian bondage: how they threw off the Pharaoh's oppression to establish themselves in a new land with a new order, under the guiding (if at times grudging) hand of their God.

Unlike the heroic tales of other cultures, the Exodus (like the Old Testament generally) is often unflattering toward the people it celebrates. The children of Israel are heard frequently to "murmur" against Moses for leading them from the relative security of Egypt, and they lose no opportunity in his absence to set up false gods and indulge in all manner of indignities. Yet precisely because Exodus relates every unflattering detail associated with the moving of a people from slavery to citizenship, oppressed peoples have ever seen in this account their own afflictions and aspirations. Though the Israelites are God's chosen ones, they are no Olympian people. What makes it possible to identify with them is their humanity, made manifest by their flaws.

If the human overtones of the Exodus have allowed oppressed peoples to identify so closely with the children of Israel, these overtones have been no less important to the leaders of such peoples. Leaders can draw sustenance from the clear story line of Exodus, which despite its fits and starts is a progression toward some concrete end: the bondage under the Pharaoh; the emergence of a leader, Moses; the early zeal of the children of Israel as they step freely into the desert; the forty years wandering and the constant backsliding along the way; the purge of the dissenters by the Levites; the deliverance of the law; all culminating in a promised land far better than what they had left behind but still far short of the vision. In spite of the seemingly endless obstacles, perhaps in spite of themselves, the children of Israel persevere and succeed. Small wonder that the revolutionary heart beats faster at the story.

Even in today's secularized world the Exodus tugs at our soul. There is, obviously, the State of Israel itself, whose citizens still nourish themselves with the same hopes and desires found in the biblical account. In the past, black Americans have seen it as their metaphor as well ("Let my people go"), a hope for their own deliverance. Most recently, the story has inspired certain Roman Catholic priests in the lower Americas, who have seized upon the idea of this-worldly deliverance from oppression and related it to their own nations, most of which have long histories of cruelty and exploitation. Even for other parts of the world, from Poland to Vietnam, South Africa to Afghanistan, Northern Ireland to Lebanon, Exodus not only offers the would-be revolutionary a reasonable blueprint, but shapes the way such resistance is perceived in the West.

Of course, not all these revolutions are so inspired. Nor are all of them just. Yet what they all demand is a standard according to which they can be judged and on which they can appeal to the rest of the world. The basis for this must be more than a complaint that the present system is unfair; after all, *all* governments are unfair and at times even cruel. With the publication of *Exodus and Revolution*, Michael Walzer brings us a step closer to such a yardstick. Exodus, according to Walzer, provides a framework for understanding modern political radicalism; his purpose is to show that it needn't always degenerate into the messianic irresponsibility that too often characterizes such efforts.

The author comes to his task well qualified. As he noted in a previous work, *Just and Unjust Wars*, he began his association with radical politics not as a philosopher but as an activist. Along the way he noticed that his criticisms of American involvement in Vietnam presupposed a common moral language about war—an idea of what was allowed and what was not—which Walzer concedes was all-too-often given short shrift by activists. In presenting a just-war critique of Vietnam, Walzer affirmed that the "critical assumption" behind his address to the American nation was "that its members share a common morality." Interpretations of this morality may

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differ, but no evaluation or discourse is possible without agreement that there is one. The alternative is that there are no restrictions on behavior in war—a thought endorsed in Leninist-inspired circles.

Exodus and Revolution is that understanding applied to revolutions, which in today's world of "national struggles for liberation" is more immediately relevant than its application to declarations of war between two recognized states. "The study of the Bible leads to a view of political action as a kind of communal performance," writes Walzer. "[W]hat happened in Egypt and at Sinai provides a precedent for early modern (and *present-day*) efforts to mobilize men and women for politics without precedent in their own experience."

The book is not long, and is a "personal" rather than historic interpretation of the central idea, which fact makes for more pleasant reading. Walzer divides the book into four basic parts: Egyptian bondage, the murmurings in the wilderness, the covenant, and the promised land. There is in addition an introduction to Exodus history and a conclusion spelling out the implications Walzer thinks this history holds for politics today. Through it all he insists upon the importance of looking at the Exodus story as a whole, something revolutionaries and reactionaries alike often find it expedient not to do.

The most frequently overlooked part is the covenant, "the political invention of the Book of Exodus," as Walzer calls it. Had Moses not brought his people the law, they would have remained slaves (or at least slavish), having nothing to distinguish their struggle from that of countless other rebellions. Although this is central to subsequent Jewish interpretations of Exodus, political activists have historically glossed over it in their perpetual confusion of license with liberty. The law of the covenant sets limits and imposes responsibilities; Exodus thus rules out both anarchy and utopia, aiming instead at that difficult mean.

This did not go over well with some of the Israelites under Moses, many of whom maintained they would gladly have sacrificed their new found liberty for a measure of security, the "fleshpots" of Egypt. Here Walzer notes that the ultimate aim of any revolution has to be more than escape; it must be the founding of some just and workable social order. "The childish and irresponsible slave or subject is free in ways the republican citizen and Protestant saint can never be," he writes. It is moreover significant, as he points out, that the Hegelian and Leninist interpretations of Exodus leave no room for the covenant. For it was in the heat of the wilderness that the soul of Israel was forged.

Most of what Walzer has to say about revolution is compelling. Especially welcome is the emphasis he places on responsibility, as opposed to mere rebellion. Nevertheless, even on his terms there are some notable lapses. For someone who spends so much time enumerating all the key elements of Exodus, he tends to lump all real-life revolutionaries together, taking their statements pretty much at face value. For example, he quite properly stresses how incompatible messianism and self-righteousness is with Exodus, but then frequently alludes to Oliver Cromwell as exemplifying the Exodus tradition. Certainly Cromwell himself made frequent allusions to Exodus. But if ever a man embodied the idea of a "divine righteousness" that justified any action he took, Cromwell would seem to be the man.

At the same time Walzer curiously mentions that though Exodus has long been invoked by countless radicals, it did not inspire the French in their own revolution. This omission Walzer breezily attributes to the resolutely anti-Semitic and anti-Christian nature of

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that revolution, but that doesn't go far enough. Marx, after all, was a notorious anti-Semite, but that didn't prevent his using Exodus as a metaphor. More likely, the reason Exodus did not figure in the dreams of 1789 was that its "tough realism" was alien to the whole thrust of the French Revolution. The all-too-human Israelites are far from the perfectible new men of the French Enlightenment; furthermore, the idea of a law higher than their own expediency would have struck the French radicals as soft-headed and hopelessly anachronistic. Since the French Revolution has come to be synonymous with the popular idea of revolution, more discussion into why it overlooked Exodus would seem to be warranted in any such book.

But the largest omission in this regard has to be the absence of the United States as a paradigm of revolutionary politics. True, Walzer mentions both Franklin's proposal that the Great Seal depict Moses with his rod uplifted over a drowning Egyptian army and Jefferson's preference that it show the Israelites being led through the wilderness, and he cites a few other colonial leaders who saw parallels with Exodus. But there is no substantial discussion of just how revolutionary—and, more important, *durable*—the American experiment has proved. Surely a man of Walzer's stature cannot hold that all revolutions are equal. In that respect the American achievement ought to make it a model of a modern Exodus, and would merit probing comparison in light of the failure of the French to do the same.

This points to a certain absurdity in radical thinking generally, and that is its rapid disillusionment with any institution once it has been established and is no longer the subject of idealistic yearning. Walzer mentions that he found this attitude in Hosea, for whom the high point of the Exodus came when Israel marched into the wilderness, their level of commitment at a fever pitch. "What is promised is radically different from what is," concludes Walzer. "The end is nothing like the beginning." In that narrow sense, the revolution is *always* betrayed.

Still, such gaps are in the nature of personal reflections, and *Exodus and Revolution* is on the whole a worthy endeavor to bring a classic story to bear on modern understanding of similar phenomena. As Walzer himself is quick to note, Exodus is not a theory but a drama. "If we listen closely to the echoes," he writes, "we can 'hear' the Exodus as a story of radical hope and this-worldly endeavor." As he might have added, the realization of such hopes depends on whether we let this story inspire our minds as much as our hearts. □

HELMUT SCHMIDT: HELMSMAN OF GERMANY

Jonathan Carr/St. Martin's Press/$25.00

Henrik Bering-Jensen

On the night of February 16, 1962, a hurricane struck Northern Europe, producing winds of more than a hundred miles an hour. Among the areas hardest hit was the German port of Hamburg, where gusts caused the Elbe to burst over its dikes and flood one-fifth of the city. The mayor was out of town at the time; in his absence, the newly appointed senator for interior affairs, Helmut Schmidt, took over rescue operations, and ordered one hundred helicopters into action despite the atrocious conditions. Over a thousand people were saved from drowning. When the mayor finally appeared, Schmidt, according to popular legend, told him to get the hell out of his way. A much vaunted reputation as crisis manager and problem solver was born.

British journalist Jonathan Carr's recent biography of Schmidt, *Helmut Schmidt: Helmsman of Germany,* falls into the eulogistic category. It portrays Schmidt as the great professional among postwar German leaders, who not only steered his country safely through the oil crisis, but in his eight and a half years as chancellor greatly increased Germany's role in world affairs. Carr is in fact so impressed with this pragmatic politician who lectures on Kant and keeps a bust of Marcus Aurelius on his desk that he neglects to ask whether greater independence has really been beneficial to Germany and to the alliance. He also tends to gloss over Schmidt's failure to counter the forces of German restlessness that grew steadily in the 1970s. But precisely because it can be said to represent the "conventional wisdom" on Schmidt, the book deserves close scrutiny.

As Schmidt himself has pointed out, he belongs to the "generation between the generations," too young to have been part of the events leading up to the war, but old enough to have fought in it. A lieutenant in the Wehrmacht, he was captured by the Allies on the Lüneburg Heath in 1945. His interest in politics began in a British POW camp, where the German officers naturally fell to discussing Germany's future. After his release Schmidt joined the Social Democrats (SPD) because of the resistance of leading members to Hitler's regime. His military background and arrogant manner caused comment even then: "Schmidt learned his socialism in the officers' mess," it was said, and there were mumblings in the party about officers who too easily slipped out of their leather greatcoats and into politics.

But the SPD was hardly the place for political opportunists. The early postwar era was totally dominated by the figures of Konrad Adenauer and his chubby minister of finance, Ludwig Erhard, the father of the economic miracle. Measured against this performance, the Social Democrats looked less than convincing, especially on defense matters. The initial party line held that close military cooperation with the West would hurt the country's chances of reunification. (The Russians at this time were forever dangling the prospect of a united, neutral Germany.) Schmidt was among those who argued for a more sensible position on defense, and events in Korea and the abortive uprising in East Berlin helped turn the party around. The Godesberg program of 1959, of which Schmidt was one of the architects, resulted from this shift, recasting the Social Democrats as more of a middle of the road party and unloading a lot of useless ideological baggage.

Still, the party had to wait until 1966 for its first taste of power and respectability. In December of that year, the Social Democrats entered into the so-called Grand Alliance with the Christian Democratic party (CDU) and the Christian Social Union (CSU); the CDU's Kurt Georg Kiesinger was chosen chancellor and the former Social Democratic mayor of West Berlin, Willy Brandt, became vice chancellor and foreign minister. Schmidt, who had returned to the Bundestag the year before after four years in Hamburg, was named floor leader of the Social Democratic parliamentary group.

This period saw the launching of Brandt's *Ostpolitik,* the policy of improving ties with the Soviet bloc. Originally inspired by Brandt's disappointment with John Kennedy's inaction over the Berlin Wall, *Ostpolitik* marked a departure from the solid anti-Sovietism of the Adenauer era. And despite the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, Brandt redoubled his efforts under the subsequent Small Coalition of 1969 with the Free Democrats, with Brandt himself now in the chancellor's seat. With the reluctant blessing of the United States and the other allies, he went on to sign treaties with Russia and Poland in 1970, a Berlin settlement in 1971, and an East-West German treaty in 1972. In the Brandt cabinet Schmidt held key posts, first as minister of defense and later as minister of economics and finance, consolidating his position as the party's chancellor-in-waiting.

As a highly emotional politician, a dreamer even, Brandt had little appetite for the daily grind of politics and economics. When the oil crisis struck in late 1973, Germans yearned for a man who could provide crisis management. When shortly thereafter Brandt was compromised by the Guillaume spy affair, Schmidt was elected chancellor, the youngest of Germany's postwar leaders. And he did score some impressive victories in these early years, particularly on the economic front. Among his successes Carr cites his handling of the oil crisis during which Germany in contrast to the other Common Market members embarked on a strict fiscal policy and thus avoided the raging inflation that beset most of the industrial West. Schmidt later prided himself on being the first monetarist in office, years ahead of Mrs. Thatcher and Ronald Reagan. Equally important was his teamwork with French president Giscard d'Estaing in setting up the European monetary system, designed to insulate the European currencies from the dollar's fluctuations. Moreover, there was his war on terrorism, which climaxed in Mogadishu airport in Somalia, where West German special forces stormed a hijacked Lufthansa jet and freed the passengers. The outcome caused key members of the Baader-Meinhof gang to commit suicide in their cells, and earned Schmidt the sobriquet of Hero of Mogadishu.

But Schmidt's luster fades notably when one considers his handling of U.S.-German relations, and here the book lets him off far too easily. As Carr notes, the strains between the two countries had predated Jimmy Carter, what with Germany's added economic weight and the U.S.'s inability to provide firm leadership after Vietnam and Watergate. But whereas German criticism hitherto had centered on Congress for undermining presidential

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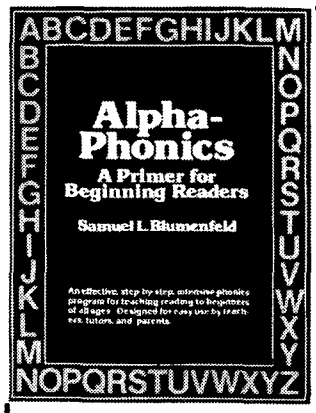
power, it was now directed at the President himself. The policy differences between Schmidt and Carter were legion: on human rights, economic strategy, the neutron bomb. According to Schmidt, Carter's flip-flop on the neutron weapon did more than anything else to confirm his view of the President as an amateur simply not cut out for the job (something he never failed to point out to visiting dignitaries). One need not disagree with this assessment to observe that Schmidt's complaints would have been more convincing had he himself set a better example. Surely an important factor in Carter's cancellation of the neutron bomb, which the book fails to take into account, was Schmidt's own maneuverings to make it look as if the Americans were forcing the weapon on *him*. Nor does Carr mention such telling details as Schmidt's suggestion to Carter that he shut down Radio Free Europe "because it was contrary to the spirit of détente."

The hollowness of Schmidt's call for firmness was further demonstrated by the row over sanctions after Afghanistan and later, in the Reagan presidency, over Poland. Schmidt insisted on going to Moscow barely six months after the invasion of Afghanistan (his friend Giscard had already seen Brezhnev in Warsaw). He prided himself on delivering the toughest speech ever by a foreign statesman in Moscow, but managed simultaneously to spoil the effect by signing a long-term trade agreement with the Soviets. And even Carr admits that Schmidt's career reached its nadir during his December 1981 trip to East Germany to meet with party boss Erich Honecker. He was asleep when a state of emergency was declared in Poland and martial law imposed. The next morning, a highly distressed Schmidt announced to journalists that Herr Honecker was just as shocked as he by the developments, leaving many with the impression that both Germanys had a common interest in seeing the unrest in Poland crushed in the name of stability and business as usual. The visit was best summed up by a photograph taken at Schmidt's departure, showing him accepting a coughdrop from Honecker through the train window, an ultimate illustration of appeasement politics.

The subsequent battles over sanctions and pipeline deals confirmed what critics of *Ostpolitik* had warned against all along: Afraid of unraveling its human and economic ties with the Soviet bloc, West Germany had become increasingly unwilling to respond to Soviet actions, not only on the periphery, as in Afghanistan, but right next door. One recalls Henry Kissinger's remark that he dreaded the moment when "no German chancellor can afford the hostility of the Soviet Union."

In judging Schmidt, therefore, it is only proper to apply the same yardstick to him that he reportedly applies to others: namely, that a leader should be judged not by his good intentions, but by his actions and his omissions. The heated debate over medium range missiles that dominated Schmidt's last years in office was just one aspect of the larger question of Germany's place in Europe, of its commitment to the West and to the alliance. In Germany under Schmidt, and especially in his own party, one saw a resurgence of neutralist and nationalist feeling, a curious mixture of resignation and illusion, which he failed to face squarely. Where Social Democratic opinion tended to be extremely "realistic" and "pragmatic" about the fate of a Poland or an Afghanistan, when it came to Germany itself the discussion invariably got lost in a dreamworld of unification schemes' and notions of a special German "third way" between the superpowers. NATO and the U.S. were routinely portrayed as the main obstacles to these hopes: Party elders



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like Egon Bahr (who strangely enough does not appear in the book) took to referring to the United States as "the former occupation power," and many young people preferred to see the division of Germany as the result not of Nazism but of a superpower plot. This anti-Americanism eventually reached a stage where Schmidt had to censure publicly "those in the party who allowed themselves to be conned into believing that the Americans are our enemies." But it took him until 1981 to do so.

His position in his own party already undermined, Schmidt was voted from office in 1982 after his alliance with the Free Democrats broke down. The final proof of his sins of omission came when the Social Democrats, now in opposition, elected Hans-Jochen Vogel as their chancellor candidate. The radicalization of the party that had started under Brandt, and had slowed but not stopped under Schmidt, now accelerated again. Thus the Social Democrats voted against the installation of the medium range missiles that Schmidt had asked for back in 1977 as a guarantee of American protection, reverting to something suspiciously similar to the party's early postwar position. Since then Vogel has been arguing for an independent stance between the superpowers; this might sound like Schmidt's idea of Germany as an "honest broker," itself a piece of delusion (as *Newsweek*'s correspondent pointed out), but Vogel even omits Schmidt's customary assurance that Bonn would remain firmly within the Western camp.

These, then, were the undercurrents helmsman Helmut should have paid attention to. He did not, and neither does Mr. Carr. Because of Schmidt's failure as a leader, the Federal Republic of Germany joined that expanding group of democracies where the opposition seems neither loyal nor fit to govern. And that is indeed a worrisome trend. □

[1]As for the Soviet position on the question of German reunification, Nikita Khrushchev perhaps put it most memorably: "If you strip Adenauer naked and look at him from the rear, you can see clearly that Germany is divided into two parts. And if you look at him from the front, it is equally clear that his view of the German Question never did stand up, never does stand up, and never will stand up." (See Veljko Micunovic's *Moscow Diary.*)

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LENIN AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: A BERTRAM D. WOLFE RETROSPECTIVE

Bertram D. Wolfe, compiled and with an introduction by Lennard D. Gerson/Hoover Institution Press/$27.95

Joseph Shattan

Some years ago, Bertram Wolfe and his wife Ella happened to come across the American Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, and his entourage in Mexico City. As the Mexican police spotted Wolfe making his way toward Kissinger they became somewhat agitated, but when Kissinger learned who the stranger accosting him was, he reportedly said, "I want to meet that man. I've read every one of his books." So the police let the old man through, and Bertram Wolfe proceeded to inform Kissinger that his détente policy was "for the birds."

No doubt Secretary Kissinger hoped and believed that Wolfe was wrong about détente. Today, however, many students of foreign affairs—and perhaps even Kissinger himself—would agree that events have justified Wolfe's skepticism. Indeed, when it came to Soviet affairs, events usually vindicated Wolfe's judgments. An ex-Communist turned anti-Communist, Wolfe was perhaps the foremost American authority on Soviet affairs of his time. His great study of the origins of Bolshevism, *Three Who Made a Revolution*, was recognized as a classic when it was first published in 1948, and a subsequent stream of books and articles reinforced Wolfe's reputation as a master Sovietologist. For four years, Wolfe also served as chief of the Ideological Advisory Staff of the State Department and the Voice of America. In addition to his studies in the area of Soviet affairs, throughout his life Wolfe maintained an ongoing interest in Spanish culture and published notable studies of Cervantes, Leon Felipe, and other eminent figures in Hispanic literature. In 1977, when a bizarre accident brought his long and adventurous life to a close, Wolfe had completed forty-one chapters of a remarkable autobiography, *A Life in Two Centuries.*

Lenin and the Twentieth Century consists of a dozen essays on various aspects of Soviet history and politics written during the final decades of Wolfe's life. Ably compiled by Prof. Lennard Gerson, they address such fundamental questions as the relationship between Marxism and Leninism, between Leninism and Stalinism, and between the Russian past and the Soviet regime. Taken as a whole, they help us to understand the most singular phenomenon of the twentieth century—the totalitarian state.

In the preface to his *Critique of Political Economy*, Marx declared: "No social order ever perishes before all the productive forces for which there is room in it have developed." Most nineteenth and early twentieth century Marxists took this to mean that a proletarian revolution could only take place in the industrialized nations: Britain, France, Germany, and the United States. In Russia and her East European neighbors, which were still semi-feudal in nature, a proletarian revolution was out of the question. First it would be necessary to abolish feudalism and absolutism, clear the ground for the unfettered growth of capitalism, establish a democratic republic, and bring the bourgeoisie to power. Only then could a working class organize itself politically and economically, and prepare, at some future date, to seize power on its own.

That, to repeat, was the orthodox Marxist view. Lenin, however, had a very different idea. "Give us an organization of revolutionaries," he wrote, paraphrasing Archimedes, "and we will overturn Russia." Hence his emphasis on centralization, on discipline, on creating a quasi-military organization of "vanguard fighters" to form the core of his revolutionary elite. Far from looking to the working class for guidance, Lenin's vanguard would control the working class, use it as a battering ram to overthrow Czarism, and seize power in its name. Borrow-

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ing heavily from Trotsky's theory of "permanent revolution," Lenin hoped that a seizure of power by the "working class" in Russia—or, more accurately, by a party purporting to represent the working class—would spark similar uprisings throughout the West, thereby enabling the Russian revolution to be maintained "in permanence," i.e., to combine two revolutions—bourgeois and proletarian—in one.

Lenin's political and organizational theories constituted a most unusual emendation of Marxism, but then Lenin was a most unusual Marxist. Wolfe calls him a "selfless egoist." Lenin was selfless in the sense that he lived austerely, and never sought either the privileges or the admiration that so often go with the achievement of absolute power. "But this selflessness," Wolfe notes, "was only the outer shell. At the core of Lenin's spirit was an abnormally powerful, unquestioning belief in himself, and an absolute certitude that the Marxism he believed in was an infallible doctrine, and that he was the only true master and expounder of this science."

How this attitude took hold in Lenin we simply do not know. Lenin was born in 1870 at Simbirsk on the Volga, the son of a school inspector. When Lenin was sixteen, his older brother Alexander was hanged for conspiring to assassinate the Czar, and this event appears to have put the iron in Lenin's soul. It also seems noteworthy, if only by way of contrast, that the Russian novelist, Goncharov, came from Simbirsk too. Goncharov's one great fictional creation was Oblomov, a character who consumes over two hundred pages of the novel that bears his name in the effort to get out of bed and dress. As Wolfe wrote in *Three Who Made a Revolution,* "Oblomov had become a symbol of all that was torpid, apathetic, and impotent in the sprawling Russian spirit."

Throughout his career, Lenin made a special point of denouncing "oblomovism." In 1904, for example, after his split with the Mensheviks, he said: "I'd like to take just anyone, but even many of our party comrades, lock them in a room and force them to read *Oblomov.* Then: Have you read it? Good, well do it again. And when they beseech, we can't go on anymore, the interrogation would start. Have you understood the essence of oblomovism? Have you realized that it's present in you, too? Have you sternly resolved to rid yourself of this disease?"

The disease of oblomovism was especially marked, Lenin believed, among the Russian intelligentsia, whose "sentimentality" and "moralizing vomit" he heartily despised. A case in point was its willingness to help the authorities during the terrible famine which engulfed the lower Volga valley in 1891-92. "Psychologically," Lenin sneered, "this talk of feeding the starving is nothing but an expression of the saccharine-sweet sentimentality so characteristic of our intelligentsia." Politically serious persons would have tried to exploit the famine in order to undermine Czarism. But most members of the intelligentsia were hopeless "wets" and "riff-raff."

Closely related to Lenin's hatred of oblomovism was his campaign against "spontaneity," which, in his view, was the enemy of "consciousness." Indeed, Lenin's hatred of spontaneity led him to invent the heresy of "tailism," defined as "slavish kowtowing before spontaneity." The language is quite strange, but what it all comes down to is Lenin's conviction that the Russian working class, like the intelligentsia, was basically an unreliable political force. Only a band of disciplined revolutionaries under the direct control of Lenin himself possessed the consciousness necessary to conduct a successful revolution. As Wolfe points out,

> The party was the institutional organization of consciousness which needed the elemental or spontaneous movement [of the working class] to give it force, even as a General Staff needs an army. But it is the General Staff which possesses military science, does the planning of battles and campaigns, gives orders, decides on offensives and retreats, and—where General Staff and political party are one and the same—decides on objectives as well.

In short, it is the party which infuses the working class with consciousness, "from the outside."

Just as Lenin hated spontaneity in others, so did he seek to suppress it in himself. There is a famous passage in Gorky's memoirs which describes Lenin's grim self-castigation. Having sat in ecstasy through a performance of Beethoven's *Appasionata* Lenin declares that he is "ready to listen to it every day":

> But I can't listen often to music, it affects my nerves, makes me want to say kind stupidities and pat the little heads of people who, living in this dirty hell, can create such beauty. But now one must not pat anyone's little head—they would bite off your hand, and one has to beat their little heads, beat mercilessly, although ideally we're against any sort of force against people. Hmm—it's a devilishly difficult task.

Not for nothing has Lenin been compared to a schoolmaster commanding his pupils, to a general commanding his army, and to a revolutionary with a bureaucratic-military mind, for whom, in Wolfe's words, "the complete centralization and control of activities is—of all things—the road to a stateless utopia!"

Yet for all Lenin's talk about the superior consciousness of the party, when revolution actually came to Russia in February of 1917, it took him completely by surprise. Even returning to Russia from Zurich proved an almost insurmountable obstacle. "Lenin hatched one fantastic plan after another," Wolfe observes. "He would get an airplane. He would put on a wig, be photographed in it, paste the picture onto a Swedish passport, and travel as a 'neutral' Swede. But he knew not a word of Swedish, and history called too urgently for him to take time to learn. He would be a deaf-mute then, not speaking a word on the whole trip. 'You will see Mensheviks in your dreams and start cursing them and shouting, scoundrels! scoundrels!' his wife told him, 'and give the scheme away.'" Finally, General Ludendorff offered Lenin safe passage to Russia through Germany, provided he did not contact German workers along the way.

Once back in Russia, Lenin proved to be a brilliant tactician and conspirator. "Lenin's specialty," Wolfe says, "was the how rather than the why or what." How to seize power was a problem that had preoccupied Lenin all his adult life. Though the "vanguard party" he had created proved absolutely worthless when it came to *starting* a revolution, it was ideally suited to the task of jockeying for power *within* the revolution—of subverting it, in fact. Taking full advantage of the disorganization of his opponents, of the errors and vacillations of the Provisional Government, and of the freedoms it provided its opponents (Lenin himself called the Russia that had emerged from the February revolution "the freest country in the world"), he succeeded in carrying out a military putsch in October 1917, thereby install-

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ing himself and his party in power.

But now Lenin faced a new problem. The revolution in the West which Lenin had so confidently predicted failed to materialize, and the Marxist texts upon which he relied offered no guidance on how to proceed in the novel situation in which he found himself. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Lenin did what came most naturally to him: He once again took up the battle against spontaneity and oblomovism, only now he waged this crusade against the whole of Russia. As Wolfe explains it:

> To the old dream of *centralized organization of the party*, which he did not for a moment abandon, he added the new dream of *total organization by the party.* Of what? Why, of Russia. Its industries and its agriculture, its feelings and its thoughts, its habits, even its dreams, total organization of slackness, of the waywardness of will, of deeds and desires. "We must organize everything," Lenin said in the summer of 1918, "take everything into our hands."

This determination to take "everything into our hands," to infuse all the institutions of society with proletarian "consciousness," led Lenin to institute the one-party state, to found the Cheka, to introduce the terror, and thus to establish the world's first totalitarian regime—a regime which Stalin inherited and consolidated. In retrospect, totalitarianism appears to have been inherent in Lenin's doctrine from the start. Although he at first sought to justify his centralism by pointing to the harsh conditions of an underground movement, it is now clear that the totalitarian impulse sprang from what Wolfe called "the deepest necessities of Lenin's temperament, his confidence in himself and his pessimistic view of the dependability of his fellow men."

That the regime which Lenin established has not only survived, but has gradually extended its sway to the point where it threatens the survival of the democracies, is due to a number of factors, not the least of which is the inability of Western statesmen to appreciate the nature of Leninism. This obtuseness would not have surprised Lenin. As early as 1921, he observed that the "so-called educated strata in Western Europe and America are incapable of comprehending the present state of affairs, the real balance of power. Those elements should be regarded as deaf-mutes and treated accordingly." Lenin went on to describe the special steps needed "to speed our victory over the capitalist countries":

> A) To soothe the fears of the deaf-mutes we must proclaim a separation (fictional though it be) of our government and its agencies . . . from the Party and Politburo and especially from the Comintern. We must declare with a straight face that the latter entities are independent political organizations merely tolerated on Soviet soil. Mark my word, the deaf-mutes will swallow it.
> B) We must declare our wish for immediate resumption of diplomatic relations with the capitalist countries—on a basis of complete noninterference in their internal affairs. The deaf-mutes will swallow this too (hook, line and sinker). In fact, they will be beside themselves with joy, will throw open their doors to us—and in will march our Comintern agents and Party spies to infiltrate their countries, dressed up as diplomatic, cultural and trade representatives.

To the extent that the West has proved not to be composed entirely of "deaf-mutes," much of the credit must go to Bertram Wolfe. His writings ought to be part of the mental furniture of every educated person, for they illuminate a regime and a doctrine which most Westerners can barely imagine. Reading Wolfe's books and essays is not simply a matter of acquiring knowledge of a remote and difficult subject, or of encountering a great historian and literary stylist. It is a matter of survival. For this reason, Professor Gerson and the Hoover Institution are to be congratulated for issuing this collection of Wolfe's essays—most of them previously unpublished—in a single, attractively arranged volume. It deserves the widest audience. □

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I fired back a message of my own: *Yes, and they are largely bogus.*

The pubs of Georgetown—the very phrase is freighted with subtle ironies and awesome possibilities, a kind of magic even the romantic knows the reality cannot possibly match.

Perhaps, I thought, I'm reading the terrain wrong. Perhaps the bitterness of rejection, defeat, and failure had poisoned my usually flawless sense for the ideal saloon. Mere weeks before, the Lovely Lucia had let me have it right between the eyes with a Testament of Undying Love for The Old Boyfriend, right in Georgetown. Surely this could not have thrown me off—and yet they say Dizzy Dean was never the same pitcher after suffering a broken toe in an All-Star game. I doubted it; but there it was. I considered General Patton's observation: *You'll know what to do.*

I called in an elite corps of my fellow Green Berets, who consider a good night's work seventeen Pabsts and four Jack Daniel's.

"M Street and Wisconsin Avenue," I tell the Rastafarian cab driver I invariably get in D.C., who this time has King Tubby playing, as ever, a little loudly. Well, it's not "Ride of the Valkyries" or the Tannhäuser Festmarch; but then again, this is not a gunship on the Mekong Delta. It will have to do.

"I'm starting you with the best," I tell the boys as we enter Champion's, which is hidden down a green alley on Wisconsin Avenue, just off M Street.

Champion's is a sports bar, perhaps the only saloon in D.C. capable of going head to head with any sports bar in the country, or any saloon for that matter. Lots of photos and framed newspaper clippings and memorabilia from the Redskins and the Senators. Lots of John ("At age 35, oldest running back in the league") Riggins and Frank Howard, the slugging outfielder who spoke often of the futility of trying to swing the heavy lumber tomorrow if you do not pound down the Budweiser tonight. Champion's carries it off quite well, although it is damned tough to mess up with such a time-honored formula.

"This is good, this is it," says George. "Nothing wrong with this."

I pointed out that the bartender is wearing a striped referee's shirt.

"I was overlooking that," says George.

We destroy four bottles of Bud while reflecting on Harold Macmillan's observation, "If the people want a sense of purpose in life, they should get it from their archbishops," and Boston philosopher Mike Kelly's remark on television commercials, "It doesn't make a difference what the product is, they're all selling the same thing."

I warn the troops: "It doesn't get any better than this."

Just steps away from Champion's is Clyde's, perhaps the most famous Georgetown saloon. "Clyde's, An American Bar," it proclaims itself. And it does have many attributes. Bass Ale on tap. Just the correct murkiness brought on by lots of dark wood not polished to too high a sheen. A jolly bartender named Wayne, who bears more than a fleeting resemblance to Chuck McCann and is my choice as best bartender in Georgetown. A jukebox full of vintage Motown, which despite its apparent appropriation by the pathetic and wimpy dregs of the sixties still rings true. Pretty fair saloon food. Lots of radiant blonde coeds with midwinter tans decked out in turtlenecks and cashmere.

Of course, this is where they bring Mummy and Daddy for brunch. That fact, and the presence of quiche on the menu, is the tipoff. Things are not quite what they seem. "Watch this," I say, and order three shots of bourbon. Tonight, it is served up in what appear

Joe Mysak is assistant managing editor of the daily Bond Buyer.

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to be small Old-Fashioned glasses, although in visits past I have seen it delivered in dainty cordial glasses and even plain water glasses. There are no shotglasses in this so-called "American bar." Nor did I see any in all of Georgetown, which by conservative estimate has 1,750 drinking establishments.

When the shots are in place, the din at the bar thins out. The talk of golf, the Outer Banks, and Medical school dies down. A few mineral water drinkers gape; one even points. I detect a sort of electric hostility. The feeling is not so much, "Where did these dinosaurs come from?" but "Back to Pittsburgh, louts!" We drop a few more down the chute in sullen satisfaction, loudly recalling the wisdom of "Napalm Bill" Carpenter, who once called in a napalm strike on his own position as it was being overrun.

Next stop: Houlihan's, a few doors down. Now, Houlihan's is part of a national chain, and I have heard reports that several of the places have push-button contraptions for mixed drinks. The rank barbarism of the place is immediately apparent. It is as bright as a hospital. There is a handsomely proportioned moosehead on the wall, but it is coated with some kind of varnish; indeed, the thing might be made of brown plastic. I half expect to see a No Smoking sign. To top it all off, there are green plants scattered about, which is unsettling to someone who has always advocated the return of green plants to where God meant them to be—barbershop windows.

The cocktail waitress, or whatever they call her, looks like Mackenzie Phillips. We order three drafts, and she brings them in, God help me, enormous, frosted *ice-cream soda glasses.* Think of it. Like Sherman's foragers, faced with the collapse of society, we abandon ourselves to the moment, heroically diving into our 26-ounce beers, ordering another, then another.

Five Carl Lewis lookalikes, all sporting Chicago Box haircuts, round horn-rimmed glasses, and floor-length car coats, enter the place. "Perhaps they're members of a club," George ventures. Mackenzie Phillips flirts with them; when she comes by to refill our ridiculous glasses, we ask if any of them is indeed Carl Lewis, and whether she could get us an autograph. She giggles. "Nope, they're all gay as jaybirds! I can flirt with them all I want!" At this point, the door swings open, and in come the Supremes.

"You know," says Murray, "these are ice-cream soda glasses."

"This is Georgetown," I reply. "Let's bolt."

By this time, the troops need food, and I take them a few doors down, to J. Paul's, once featured in *Esquire* as the watering hole with "the most beautiful girls in Washington." The count tonight, however, seems more like five guys for every guy. For a moment, we are back in Union County, New Jersey, where life resembles an endless tour of duty aboard the *U.S.S. Missouri.*

Dinner is uneventful. J. Paul's has a magnificent nineteenth-century style bar, which was, however, wrecked for me sometime ago by an interminable evening spent in boozy conversation with a grizzled golf pro from Ann Arbor, Michigan, who was wearing a rather large Stetson. On another evening, I asked the Master of Ceremonies to direct a short blonde girl I was meeting there for dinner to the bar. He nodded and asked, "Are you all right?" J. Paul's is probably an acquired taste.

We stop for after-dinner drinks at The Third Edition, a short walk from J. Paul's on Wisconsin Avenue. Dark, quiet, eminently civilized: the Last Redoubt. Our spirits lift, and we unwind, taking up, in no special order, my long-awaited nonfiction novel, *Manasquan Diary*; the battle of Wake Island; the fact that Hoyt Wilhelm got a home run in his first major league at-bat, but none after in a career that spanned 21 seasons; the myth of victimless crime; and the Bobby Kennedy observation, "You can lose popularity by doing something, or you can lose it by doing nothing. You lose it anyway. It's there to be spent." Still I search fitfully for a capper to the evening.

Two pink-cheeked juvenile delinquents sit down next to us, and are asked for some proof by the barkeep. I fix my best world-weary Robert Mitchum expression on the punkier of the two, who produces some identification and tosses it to the bartender with ill-disguised scorn. "There, right there—1965, see?"

Good Lord, *1965*. I glance over at the troops and bark, "Lock and load," and off we go into the night, leaving Georgetown an open city. □

PRESSWATCH

(continued from page 23)

employees are Jews, that too is a reasonable defense against anti-Semitism. Even the fault-finding report by Congressman Larry Smith conceded that the most that could be reasonably alleged was that some programs might be perceived as anti-Semitic.

So there is only the most insubstantial evidence that Radio Liberty has broadcast anti-Semitic programs. And there is no evidence whatsoever that the present management of the station or the BIB have encouraged, permitted, or connived at such programs by either commission or omission.

Yet this charge has been made. And, given the history of this century, the charge of anti-Semitism is an especially poisonous one. It leaves its mark even on innocent men. When James Michener recently met a new official of Radio Free Europe's Hungarian Service —and remember that no allegations have been leveled against the sister station—he was visibly startled. The official wondered why. After some hesitation, Michener admitted the reason. He had been told that the official had once been a member of the Hungarian Arrow Cross (fascist) party, which held power under Nazi auspices in 1944-45. The RFE official was two years old at the time.

That is the atmosphere of libel and suspicion created by the allegations against Radio Liberty in the U.S. By comparison, émigré politics do not look too awful.

• • •

"Men's magazines" of the *Playboy, Penthouse, Hustler,* and *Grope* variety are probably not bought for their contributions to social and political thought. Nonetheless, they seem to feel compelled to drape their ladies in, if little else, the tattered loincloth of occasional political theory. The calculation seems to be: Gynecology plus philosophy equals redeeming social merit.

But what is the tendency of these ideas? One might imagine that, since they are addressed to men, there would be a macho emphasis on sport, war, and masculine hobbies. Earlier and more innocent men's magazines, like *Lilliput* and *Men Only*, did indeed speak in such tones—together with a cheerful, pagan conservatism of the "we're all men of the world" type.

But all that changed with Hugh Hefner's "playboy philosophy." A terrible seriousness set in. Glancing guiltily at naked ladies with large chests, according to Mr. Hefner, was no mere adolescent thrill: It was part of the crusade to free America from sexual hypocrisy and to establish the right of every person to achieve orgasm with the person, creature, or thing of his or her own choice. Mr. Hefner had sex on the brain—which, as Malcolm Muggeridge has remarked, is a very uncomfortable place to have it. He set out to drag men's magazines from under the socks in the dresser (sic) and put them alongside Plato and Aristotle in the academy.

Mr. Hefner's grim determined hedonism—symbolized by his habit of remaining in pyjamas all day long, just in case a challenge presented itself—was philosophically a sort of libertarianism. But in the fifties and sixties it was politically compatible with a wide range of American political ideas of both left and right, excluding only religious conservatism and puritan leftism. It was relatively unconcerned with the major political conflicts of the day as it fought the good fight for the right to commit fellatio in Kansas.

The rise of the religious right and its incorporation in the Reagan coalition has altered things. If for no other reason than self-interest, men's magazines must be opposed to philosophies that concern themselves with virtue or even decorum. And the distrust that *Penthouse* et al. feel towards the Rev. Jerry Falwell they also direct against Falwell's political allies in the Pentagon, the White House, and elsewhere. It is innocence by association. Accordingly, the flesh scene—if my occasional furtive glances are any guide—is moving in a more decisive liberal and anti-conservative direction.

Take, for instance, the current *Penthouse.* Sandwiched between an attack on the pro-life movement and a denunciation of the Pentagon is a fearsome warning by Alan M. Dershowitz against the constitutional threat posed by the "prayer breakfast" movement. "The fundamentalists are coming! The fundamentalists are coming!" shrieks Mr. Dershowitz in tones of extravagant nervousness.

The basis for this alarmism is President Reagan's recent homily at the National Prayer Breakfast in the Washington Hilton. He described how the prayer breakfast movement began in 1942 and gradually spread through the country. A bipartisan Senate prayer breakfast meets regularly and, said Mr. Reagan, "it's working precisely because it is private." To Mr. Dershowitz, who sees no distinction between "private" and "secret," this signifies "an invisible government." (Some readers will remember at this point that the Ku Klux Klan has been called "an invisible empire"—and, indeed, that's what they are meant to remember.)

This invisible government is run by "certain kinds of 'Christians only.'" And it is part of a wider fundamentalist program to "Christianize" America. Since its activities are limited to saying prayers, however, the threat it poses will frighten only those who believe in the efficacy of prayer, so Mr. Dershowitz's evident alarm marks him out as a subconscious fundamentalist.

It is a secular concern that especially frightens him, however. What makes these prayer meetings so devilishly sinister is that they are limited to peo-

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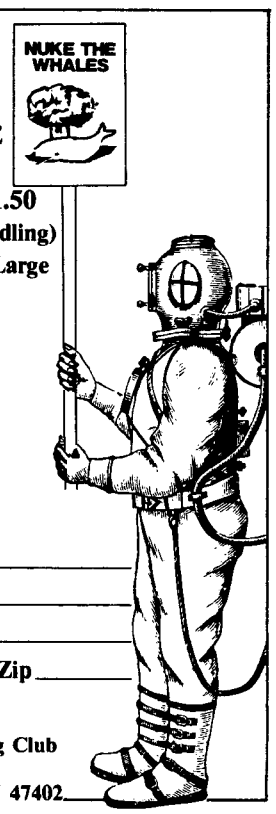

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PRESSWATCH

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ple of religious faith. They therefore constitute "plain, old-fashioned discrimination." Not that anyone would keep out a repentant atheist, or even a curious and questioning agnostic. Quite the contrary, there would be more joy among the followers of Falwell and company. But the cheerful atheist would probably not be interested in attending—in order to pray to a God in whom he doesn't believe.

Mr. Dershowitz's way of expressing this is to declare that these prayer groups "have no room for those who choose no religion at all. . . . They presuppose not only belief in God, but a particular brand of belief in a particular brand of God."

Insofar as I can find my way through the maze of Mr. Dershowitz's logic here, he seems to argue that someone who discriminates against the prayer breakfast by disbelieving in God is himself a victim of discrimination, while those who would be only too delighted to welcome in the passing atheist are guilty of an unconstitutional exclusiveness. They are infiltrating the agencies of government with "secret prayer fellowships," which they cunningly announce to the world at the Washington Hilton.

In comparison with such arguments, the position of the young woman in pink leather boots and fireman's helmet is altogether less tortuous. □

CORRESPONDENCE

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Silone, in his "repentance" from Communism in *The God That Failed*: "But my faith in Socialism . . . has remained more alive than ever in me. . . . I do not conceive Socialist policy as tied to any particular theory, but to a faith."

Finally, from Georges Bernanos, in *Plea For Liberty*: "Whenever the Church becomes too involved in politics it is because she is no longer bringing forth enough saints." It is inconceivable that we should ever have seen "Cardinal Newman on Incomes Policy," but now we have these sturdy bishops. . . .

—Steven F. Hayward
San Marino, California

Tom Bethell is quite perceptive in seeing through the flattering comments made by American reporters on Gorbachev to an underlying political bias in favor of the political system that Gorbachev stands for ("Habemus Vigorbachev," *TAS*, May 1985). But Bethell makes a serious mistake when he claims that the Communist sympathies of these reporters are a result of their liberal politics, since liberalism is the first stage in an evolution toward Communism. This relationship may have existed a half-century ago, but the history of liberal and social democratic politics in recent decades indicates that their effect is to strengthen the capitalist democracies so that they are better able to resist Communism. That the support for Communism is now at the lowest point in history, particularly among the working classes, is a result not only of the failure of all existing Communist societies, but also the result of the successful effort of liberal and democratic socialist politics to make capitalism more responsive to the needs of the majority of people.

And it is precisely this turning away from traditional socialist objectives by the liberal, social democratic, and trade union parties throughout the West (most recently in France, Spain, and Portugal) that has frustrated some intellectuals on the left. No longer able to see the liberal or Christian Democratic or Social Democratic or Socialist parties as leading to a new society, one that will create *new* men and women, rather than reflect the needs of people as they are, the leftists must now support (reluctantly and sometimes cynically) Communist forces. Or, if they do not actually support Communism, these leftists, particularly in the academy, are unwilling to support anti-Communist parties, no matter how liberal they may be. In fact, the more governments like those headed by Duarte succeed in bringing about some degree of economic equality, the more antagonistic the leftists become, since they realize that the effect will be to strengthen the basic structure of the present society.

So conservatives like Bethell must move away from the politics of the 1930s, when there were indeed popular fronts that seemed, at least, to unite Communists, democratic socialists, and liberals, and recognize that the political alignments today are based more on a commitment to democracy than on a commitment to any economic program. The leftists and Marxists have already seen this new alignment, and that is why they are hostile to Poland's Solidarity, as well as to the "Socialist" (their quotation marks) governments in Europe. Will Bethell and his fellow conservatives catch up to this change also? I hope so, and believe that if the conservatives reject the heritage of fascism as completely as many liberals and socialists have rejected the heritage of Communism, democracy will win over all kinds of dictatorships and tyranny.

—Lawrence W. Hyman
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Podhoretz Proselytizes

I am writing to compliment your movie reviewer, John Podhoretz. His review of *Witness* ("What a Wonderful World," *TAS*, May 1985) is by far the most sensible and sophisticated review I have yet seen of the movie.

If you keep up that level of clarity and penetration, you will convert a lot of liberals. *—Douglas T. Yates, Jr.*
Frank J. Reagan Professor
of Policy Studies
Dartmouth College
Hanover, New Hampshire

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Getting to Know Mexico

Mary Ball Martínez's article, "Mexico, No Domino" (*TAS*, February 1985) started off on the right track. It is true that U.S. newspeople, conservative and otherwise, tend to see our southern neighbor as a shaky domino. Two years ago when Mexico's debt crisis was first announced, I remember Bill Kurtis blathering on the CBS Morning News, "Well, what's next—a Marxist revolution?" In fact, during the following year most of the U.S. news media seemed to be expecting an imminent Mexican collapse. When it didn't come about, expressions of puzzlement began to surface. Mexico had not even experienced riots such as have occurred in Brazil, Santo Domingo, or France. Of course, once the significance of such inexplicable non-events had sunk in, only one rather radical recourse was left: to try actually to learn something about the Mexican political and economic system. As a result, in the last year there has been a dramatic improvement in the quality of reporting on Mexico in most of the U.S. news media, whatever the political persuasion of the observer.

Martínez is quite correct in pointing out that the domino theory is "too simple a scenario." I realize it is hard for most Americans to discern much of a difference between Latin American countries. A *Time* staffer, to justify the magazine's assertion that "left unchecked, the Nicaraguan revolution could spread throughout the region," wrote me that Mexico was one of those "surrounding countries with similar characteristics [to Nicaragua]" and would inevitably collapse into "warring fiefs." Need I say that *Time* is not one of those publications whose reporting on Mexico has improved? Jack Anderson is another gadfly reporter who briefly turns his attention to Mexico for a couple of columns and discovers (gasp!) corruption. In his expert opinion, the arrest of a crooked Mexico City chief of police can only lead to one thing—revolution!

Obviously such outrageous statements are the result of ignorance pure and simple. Martínez is essentially right about Mexico—that the PRI is a capitalist-oriented bourgeois agglomeration of most everybody who counts in Mexico—labor unions, industry, agriculture. It has had problems accommodating the growing middle class, particularly people in the new high-tech communications industries who don't quite fit into the PRI's traditional division of society. Incidentally, this was the root cause of the 1968 demonstrations which were put down so bloodily by a nervous Díaz Ordaz administration; it was a middle class movement led by students on whose bandwagon the Communists tardily jumped.

As Martinez points out, another interesting aspect of Mexico is that the strongest opposition party is the PAN, a conservative group that urges less public sector participation in the economy and, of course, open elections. The PAN's greatest strength is in the northern tier—Baja California, Sonora, Chihuahua, Nuevo Léon, Coahuila. This region is quite different from the Bajío (central Mexico with the capital at its core) and heavily Indian southern Mexico. A young computer science professor at the Technological Institute of Chihuahua said of a recent trip to Oaxaca that "it was strange, like being in another country." Incidentally, the cities of Chihuahua and Juárez both have PAN-controlled municipal governments, and analysts give the PAN a good chance this July in upcoming gubernatorial elections in the states of Nuevo Léon and Chihuahua —*if* the PRI party bosses don't tamper with the election results.

As I started to say, Martínez in general stated several sound reasons why Mexico is very different from the Central American republics. But then she stumbled by saying, first, that "between Nicaragua and Mexico . . . lies a brave anti-Communist fortress, Guatemala"; and second, that Mexico might be "more useful to the international left as a neutral way station than as one more battlefield." Martínez, then, would have us believe that plucky little Guatemala is preventing the Nicaraguan hordes from overrunning helpless Mexico. Then she contradicts herself by implying that, for the moment, Mexico is more valuable to international Communism in its present state of calm (in which case, who needs Guatemala?). Whatever happened to all the internal Mexican conditions that militate against a drift to the far left?

Just as the British like to claim that their "Glorious Revolution" of 1688 insulated them from the revolutionary doctrines emanating from France after 1789, most Mexicans also feel that their Revolution of 1910-20 (the first major social revolution of the twentieth century) removed the most obscurantist elements from any major influence in Mexican society. The Central American countries, on the other hand, and particularly Guatemala, have ruling classes mentally and emotionally still mired in the seventeenth century. This is the basic difference between the two areas. In Mexico, farmworkers are a group with juridically recognized (albeit sometimes grudgingly) political and economic rights; in Central America they are peasants placed on Earth by God to serve the Ladino elites. By the way, Martínez claims that camps of Guatemalan refugees along Mexico's southern border were moved because they were becoming "training grounds for subversion" by Bishop Ruiz. She lets her conservative paranoia distort the facts of the situation. The reason for the move was that Guatemalan army units were attacking the camps and Mexico was anxious to avoid a military confrontation with its southern neighbor. Afterward, Guatemala agreed to support the Contadora proposals, making the whole thing smack more of a political horse swap than anything else.

I would remind Martinez that in the 1920s and '30s, Washington looked upon Mexico as the source of Communist agitation in Central America, in part because of its support of the original Sandinista—Augusto Sandino. The expropriation of American and British oil properties in 1938 raised a furious outcry in the United States with the press labeling the Lazaro Cardenas administration as the "Communist government of Mexico." Going back further, U.S. intervention in the Revolution was extensive: Henry Lane Wilson's open backing of Francisco Madero's opponents; the occupation of Veracruz; the open support of, first, Villa and then his enemy Carranza; the Pershing expedition in Chihuahua. These events are probably much more in the minds of Mexican leaders than the 1848 war. This troubled history between a weak Mexico and a powerful United States goes far to explain why it is important that Mexican political leaders not appear to be subordinate to Washington's policies (for the same reasons that France, Canada, and other countries appear intransigent at times—at least from our point of view). Unfortunately, U.S. leaders, who like American journalists know little about Mexico, expect the latter automatically to follow our lead and are shocked and angered when it takes an independent stance. Then we say that Mexican foreign policy is "left-leaning . . . tediously anti-USA."

If Martínez had built upon the sound ideas with which she began and not veered off into an unconnected diatribe about Central America (the comments of an unidentified East German lady don't really prove anything), her article might have been useful—perhaps even good. But as I've said, reporting on Mexico has been improving and perhaps Martínez's next effort will show evidence of this laudable trend.

—Carl J. Mora
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Mary Ball Martinez replies:

I am sure that being knowledgeable about Mexican history, Mr. Mora would like to get his facts straight regarding the reported attacks of Guatemalan army units on refugee camps inside Mexico. Since he doesn't believe me, I suggest he take two steps. First, let him go from Mexico to Guatemala by bus. Four kilometers before reaching the frontier, he will be left on the road and expected to hop onto the back of an open truck to cross wild, uninhabited brush country patrolled by Mexican border police. By the time he enters Guatemala I doubt Mr. Mora will still think it likely that any member of Central America's best disciplined army would decide to make a target of himself for an hour in a prowl over impossible terrain and another back under pursuing searchlights for the dubious fun of shooting up a few poor Indian families.

As for Mexico being anxious to avoid military conflict with Guatemala, it's the other way around. Big Mexico is little Guatemala's "colossus of the north," something to handle gingerly.

Then, if Mr. Mora wants to know why the attack lie was circulated in the Mexican press, he should spend an alert week or so getting close to things in the near-border town of San Cristobal de las Casas. Around the café tables he would learn that, yes, shooting was heard in the El Chupadero camp in the first hours of April 30 last year. But the six bodies the papers lamented never turned up. No funerals ever took place. He will be told that the happening is judged to have been an internal operation, carefully staged for a double purpose: to neutralize public opinion against the expected protest of Bishop Ruiz when his well-financed Marxist training program collapsed, and to put the refugees in a mood to cooperate with the joint government–U.N. transfer operation. According to Mexico's Interior Secretary Bartlett, the majority of the refugees are economic, not political, and they come not only from Guatemala but from all over Central America. He also announced that henceforth the door would be closed.

As for Mr. Mora's earnest hope that my next effort will show laudable improvement, he can forget about it if it entails identifying people like the "East German lady." For her protection as a university professor in a Communist country I even falsified her nationality. I don't know her name and she doesn't know mine. Had she known I was a writer she would surely not have spoken freely, with compassion and melancholy and gentle humor, about the desperate conditions in Nicaragua, nor given me insight into what it means for an intelligent Christian to have to spend her life in one of the countries of Eastern Europe.

The American Spectator *welcomes correspondence from its readers. Please limit your comments to 200 words, and include full name, address, and telephone number.*

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Great Books Series

How Mr. Gil Ackerman lachrymosely marched into the New Age with his lovely wife, Mrs. Ackerman, as reported in a seminal chapter entitled "How Men Can Be More Intimate":

It is also clear from the reports of men that regardless of the personal benefits of increased intimacy, a man is unlikely to persist in his efforts unless he experiences some affirmation from others. His spouse, family, and friends can provide needed reinforcement for his new behavior. Without rewards for his effort, a man is likely to return to his habitual ways. He will lose touch with his feelings, and those close to him will lose his loving.

For some women, this may seem to be simply too much. To get the loving behavior she wants, it appears that a woman must be confidante, confronter, consoler. As if that were not enough, she must reward him for the effort he makes! What of her rewards? Her reward is in his love.

Gil Ackerman's wife knows about her reward: "Sometimes Gil and I will be together talking, really talking now about important personal things, and I will think about how different things are for us now that he is so much more caring, and my eyes will fill with tears. Gil asks why I am crying and I tell him it's because I feel that he loves me so much, and he smiles and starts crying too. You can't know what it means to me to see my husband cry because of the love we have. I can truly say that his tears are my reward for whatever part I had in helping him open up."

[The McGill Report on Male Intimacy, by Michael McGill; Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1985]

New York Times

The criminal mind at work on the correspondence page of the untrustworthy *New York Times*:

As usual, I couldn't wait to get my Sunday Times this morning. On this particular Sunday, I wanted to see what coverage the big Washington rally ("Four Days in April") was given. I found it—on Page 22! For the first time in my life, I was very angry with The Times, which I happen to have loved, respected and awaited with bated breath these last 26 years.

As for the variety of the crowd noted in your coverage, there has always been variety in these protest marches. I, for one, began marching in the early 1960's, at age 50. I am now 71—and still marching. There were elderly marchers in the 60's and baby carriages, too. They were probably ignored because neither was "in." For too many years the protest movement has been depicted as a youth movement. Perhaps now the graying of America will make us old folks visible again.

Believe me, anyone who has never marched along one of this nation's world-famous avenues, be it Fifth, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wilshire Boulevard or Market Street, along with thousands of one's fellow women and men, chanting for peace, justice and freedom, has missed an experience that is unforgettably exalting—yet strangely humbling at the same time. As one marches and chants, one realizes with awe that he or she is not just reading words like "We, the people of the United States," but living them—putting them to the test and boldly claiming one's share of a priceless heritage—and finding it, oh! so very sweet and exhilarating!

Perhaps most Americans have become blase about all the protesting, as they once became inured to watching—while munching television snacks—as young men died "live" on distant battlefields. It has been said that the price of freedom is eternal vigilance, and today too many Americans are looking the other way. Marchons! marchons! All hearts resolved!

But wouldn't it be nice, on some sunny Saturday, as the marchers stand by the thousands in their nation's capital, if, suddenly there came over the loudspeakers these words: "Ladies and gentlemen: The President of the United States." Wouldn't you think he could come out for at least a few minutes, if only to say, "Hello. Welcome to Washington." If only to acknowledge our precious—our perilously fragile—right to be there.

[May 5, 1985]

Washington Monthly

Glossolalia as practiced by Mr. Charles Peters on the occasion of another gaze into deepest, darkest America, circa 1926:

Last month a conservative publication called *The American Spectator* asked me to contribute to a symposium on what ails liberalism. I began by saying "liberals have fallen victim to the politics of selfishness." Then my blood began to boil at the thought of the audience I was addressing, and I added, "to which American conservatism succumbed long ago."

I think it's time for liberals to mount a great counterattack on the conservatives. The self-criticism we've been engaging in should continue, but it shouldn't keep us from pointing out the sins of the opposition.

The moral problem of American conservatives is that they're evaders—they want to get out of doing their duty, whether it's military service or paying taxes. Their solution to the problem of national defense is to bribe the poor to serve in their stead. On taxation, their concern is to reduce their own burden. Their passion is protection of privilege. They live in lily-white enclaves. Keep out the Blacks. Keep out the Jews. And keep out the Hispanics—except when they use the servants' entrance.

[April 1985]

New England Journal of Medicine

Correspondence of a scientific nature in the estimable *New England Journal of Medicine*:

To the Editor: During a two-week period in 1982 (May 23 through June 7), while jogging in Lincoln Park, I was attacked six times by a large black bird, species unknown. When I bicycled or walked through the same area I was not attacked.

Five of the attacks came from behind. I suffered no injuries. I saw one other jogger attacked at the same spot on the path. Neither my wife nor my jogging partner (who was out of town at the time) believed my story about the attacks.

Because all the attacks occurred along the same stretch of 30 to 40 m, I have always assumed that they were related to my proximity to a nest. The letter by Itin et al. (Dec. 27 issue) marks the first time I have been able to support that assumption.

I agree with the writers that "nature has its own laws" that joggers (like everyone else) must respect. I do take issue, however, with the conclusion that joggers are particularly susceptible to bird attacks. It is quite likely that bird attacks are underreported either because they often result in no injuries or only minor ones, the victim is too embarrassed to report the incident, or no one believes the story. We simply do not have enough data to draw conclusions about the risk of bird attacks associated with recreational activities.

But lest anyone forget, a risk does exist in at least one American city, as well as in Switzerland.

[April 18, 1985]

New Republic

The luminous Miss Cheryl Pilate attests to yet another momentous happening on the path to human perfection:

To the editors:

I was contentedly scanning "Heroin and Cowardice" (The Editors, February 25) when I suddenly ran into a statement that caused me to stop and cheer out loud. Referring to a politician in the third person, TNR used the pronoun "she"—a small but significant act acknowledging women's growing participation in political life. Kudos to TNR for advancing the cause of equality, with both its actions and its words.

[April 22, 1985]

Washington Post

Well, what else could we expect with the chauvinist Reagan in the White House:

Cannibalizing parts from their spacecraft, the shuttle's astronauts today fashioned a makeshift extension for Discovery's robot arm and prepared to use it to try to revive a Navy communications satellite dead in space since it was deployed from the shuttle's cargo bay Saturday. . . .

Astronaut Margaret Rhea Seddon sewed the plastic covers together to form cones that will be attached to the extension arm and used to flip the arming lever.

[April 16, 1985]

Los Angeles Times

More psychopathic bibble babble in the autobiographical mode from Mrs. Marcia A. Timmell, this year's winner of the National Council of Jewish Women's "essay contest":

The threat of nuclear war enshrouds me like a darkening cloud. I am only one woman. One very ordinary woman. What can I do? . . .

I kneel on the steps of the Pentagon on Good Friday and pray for the grace to say *yes* to God. I pour my own blood onto the pillars from a baby bottle—my blood offered as a plea that the children might live. I am imprisoned for a month. Have I accomplished anything? I am only one little woman. . . .

I stand on the deck of a nearly finished Trident submarine, a household hammer in my hand. I tremble, my knees weaken. What am I doing here? This is the most deadly weapon in the world; 2,410 Hiroshimas are under my feet. I feel weak, powerless. What can I do? With my sisters and brothers, I, an ordinary woman, can hammer this nuclear sword into a biblical plowshare. In faith I hammer. I am arrested. Two weeks after my wedding I am sentenced to four months in jail.

[March 20, 1985]

The Progressive

Political science as practiced nowadays in Robert M. La Follette, Sr.'s mausoleum:

Like sexism, heterosexism stems in part from ignorance. But it also has more fundamental roots: It serves the interests of the powerful (in capitalist and noncapitalist societies alike) to keep people divided—not just gay from straight, but men from men and women from women.

[May 1985]

Village Voice

In one of the foremost journals of the shanty intelligentsia another loony yawp sounds:

Everyone in America knows that any tactic, any action, any crime is permissible in the fight against Godless communism. That, in part, may be the explanation for President Reagan's sudden candor regarding American intentions in Nicaragua. Just as the German people must bear the responsibility for Hitler, so must Americans be accountable for Reagan.

[March 12, 1985]

New Yorker

Professor Robert Shaplen affectingly ponders the late Ho Chi Minh, and in no time he is raised to the Board of Directors of Planned Parenthood:

. . . . I thought of the irony of Vietnam's birth-control problems, and reflected that Ho would have appreciated it. Unfortunately, I never met him, but I have spoken with many scholars and others who knew him, including some of his closest Vietnamese associates, and I have read a good deal about his life. Being a highly practical and often calculating and devious man as well as a sentimental one, he would, I believe, have tempered his love for children with an awareness of the serious problem presented by Vietnam's too rapidly growing population. If he were alive today, or even if he had lived through the years just after the war, he would surely have been the first to go out into the countryside and talk to the peasants about birth control, and what to do about it; he would have done this graphically, and, as he did with so many things, dramatized the issue with whimsical humor.

[April 22, 1985]

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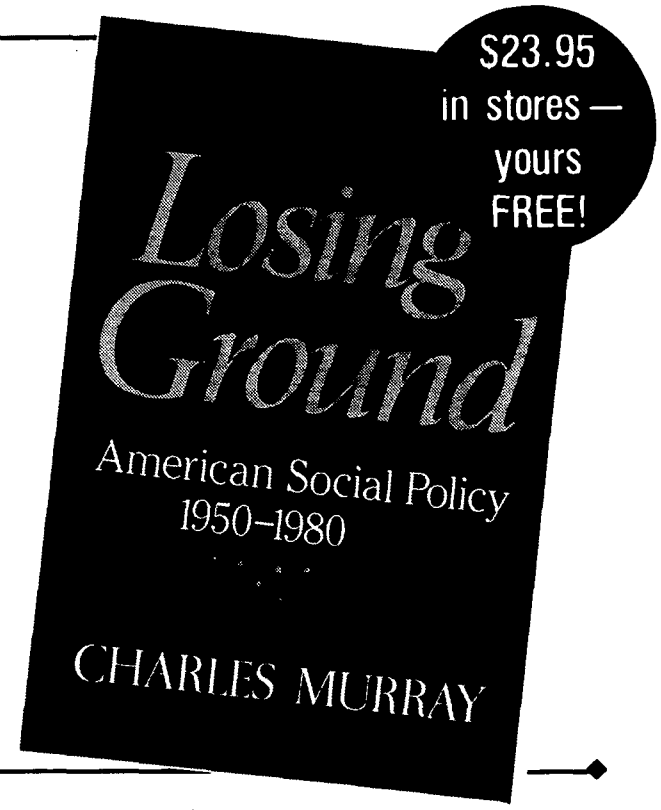
"Murray...has finally and unanswerably demolished both the moral and the practical claims of the welfare state"

—GEORGE GILDER, *The American Spectator*



This breakthrough book is making conservatives purr and liberals squirm . . .

"Murray's book, relentlessly logical and well-documented, should convince any serious reader that it must at least be squarely faced. . . . The heart of the book, the best and most devastating part, is a long compilation of data meant to prove that the poor have done worse as government programs aimed at them have flowered. It is especially uncomfortable reading because the case is made by comparing blacks to whites. . . . No doubt that racists will love Murray's book. So what? When millions of people are suffering, it seems irresponsible for the left to expend its intellectual energies on these blame-shifting exercises. . . . his is a vision that coheres, as the left's on this subject doesn't any more. . . . This is the problem that liberals must address; Murray's book in effect throws down the gauntlet to them. The standard responses (most of which Murray neatly sets up and demolishes) won't do, because they don't offer real hope of a solution."—*New Republic*

"Irrefutable."—John Chamberlain, syndicated column

"Without bile and without rhetoric, it lays out a stark truth that must be faced."—*Business Week*

"Devastating. . . . Those who already believe welfare is a poverty trap that undermines independence, ambition, and upward mobility will find Charles Murray's new book a powerful and well-documented affirmation of that belief."—*National Review*

"A great book. Others have recently made the same argument. . . . But Charles Murray's version . . . is particularly convincing. He writes with flair, but his tone is steadfastly nonpartisan; he marshals an immense amount of data . . . but never loses the reader in numbers; and he never ventures a conclusion for which he has not laid the most elaborate and convincing groundwork. . . . By the time Mr. Murray gets around to conclusions, even devotedly non-Reaganite yuppies will be ready to agree. . . . James Coleman, the University of Chicago sociologist, is quoted on the dust jacket . . . as saying 'future discussions of social policy cannot proceed without taking the arguments and evidence of this book into account.' Dust-jacket puffery is notorious, but in this case the compliment is, if anything, restrained. Mr. Murray's book is so well wrought that it is likely to dominate those discussions well into the 1980s."—*Wall Street Journal*

"Murray unabashedly asserts that slashing social spending is the greatest favor the Government can bestow upon the poor. . . . Conservatives have made that argument before, but no one has documented it as thoroughly as Murray does."—*Time*

Important for Christians

Is welfarism the way to help the poor? The National Council of Churches and the Catholic bishops think so. This book leaves them with only their biases.

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